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PRESIDENT PIERCE'S MESSAGE.

THE Americans are, as they frequently take occasion to remark, a great people, and they have an admirable Constitution. Free by nature, by inheritance, and by habit, they govern themselves in their townships, in their counties, and in their States, confining the Federal Administration strictly to its legitimate functions. No individual holder of office can seriously threaten the rights of the citizens, or materially check the prosperity of the Union; and the people are consequently at liberty to gratify their occasional caprices with impunity, even in the selection of their highest functionaries. England herself could scarcely afford to give the Premiership for four years to a third-rate demagogue; but Mr. PIERCE is enabled "to retire into private life with sentiments of profound gratitude to the good Providence which, during the period of his administration, has vouchsafed to carry the country through many difficulties, domestic and foreign, and to enable him to contemplate the spectacle of amicable and respectful relations between his own and all other Governments, and the establishment of constitutional order and tranquillity throughout the Union." He might have added that the domestic difficulties which have been overcome proceeded from the shameless misconduct of his own nominees in Kansas—that the foreign disputes were fostered by himself, for the purpose of diverting public attention from internal dangers—and that the establishment of amicable relations is principally due to the prudence and forbearance of England, notwithstanding many wanton provocations. Mr. BUCHANAN may congratulate himself on succeeding to a PRESIDENT who has proved himself, from first to last, a weak, intemperate, and unprincipled partisan; and Mr. PIERCE's final Message to Congress may serve to satisfy his former Democratic supporters that they judged wisely in rejecting at Cincinnati his claims to re-election.

The general acquiescence of all parties in the result of the recent election has proved the practical good sense which distinguishes the people of the United States. The large numbers who voted for FREMONT are generally satisfied with their imposing protest against the recent Presidential policy. The Republican party was not sufficiently organized to undertake the Government with advantage, nor were judicious politicians anxious to precipitate a sectional conflict with the South; but a majority in the Free States supported the losing candidate, and the Democrats have received fair warning that the maintenance of their supremacy depends on a return to prudence and moderation. Nor has the winning party been backward in responding to the temperate language of the Republicans. The organs of opinion in the Slave States have, in many instances, deprecated a renewal of the recent controversies, and in general it may be said that Mr. BUCHANAN will receive a fair trial from every political section in the Union.

Under these circumstances, Mr. PIERCE was, for the last time, called upon to address a Message to Congress. It is the duty of the President to communicate to the two branches of the Legislature full information as to the condition of the country, and especially as to the conduct of the Executive Administration. It is also natural and customary on such occasions to discuss any political questions which are likely to occupy the attention of Congress; but, by the theory and practice of the Constitution, the ultimate sovereignty rests with the people, and it might have been supposed that the exercise of the elective franchise was exempt from the criticism of the chief magistrate. Yet nearly half of the voluminous document lately issued by Mr. PIERCE consists of a violent and factious attack on the supporters of Colonel FREMONT. The vote of eleven Sovereign States, and of a numerical majority of the citizens of the North, is insolently

stigmatized as "the attempt of a portion of the States, by a sectional organization and movement, to usurp the control of the Government of the United States;" and the bare majority which has been secured by the Democrats in the Electoral College, is absurdly described as a pointed rebuke inflicted by the voice of the people on the Republican organization. The PRESIDENT is well aware that the whole of New England is included in his censure—that New York, the greatest State in the Union, and ordinarily the Democratic stronghold, was a prominent sharer in the conspiracy—that the North-West, with some exceptions, was favourable to FREMONT—and that the vote of Pennsylvania alone would have consummated the usurpation which he deprecates. It is not, perhaps, surprising that Mr. PIERCE, in his individual capacity, should be annoyed by a demonstration which was principally directed against his own imbecility and misconduct; but an official denunciation of a popular vote is utterly inconsistent with the character of an elected President.

Equally unseasonable, though less impertinent and irrational, is the renewal of the discussion on the Missouri Compromise. The members of Congress who, in 1820, voted against the admission of a new Slave State, are exposed to a posthumous censure. The justification of Mr. DOUGLAS's Bill for the settlement of Kansas and Nebraska, though plausible, is by no means new. The advocates of slavery not unnaturally contend that the conquest of half a continent from Mexico necessarily involved the repeal of a territorial compromise; and when slavery was excluded from that portion of California which lies south of MASON and DIXON's line, it might have been foreseen that the advocates of the institution would attempt to push it northwards, and to the west of the river Missouri. The Free States would even now do well to accept a challenge from rivals who carry weight in the race for dominion. If immigrants fail to outnumber slaveholders in territories open to both classes, it must be assumed either that Northern energy is outmatched, or that the climate and soil of the disputed region are peculiarly favourable to negro cultivation. The complaint founded on the repeal of the Missouri Compromise is one of the weakest parts of the Republican case; and friends and enemies are equally entitled to point out the flaw in their argument. The PRESIDENT of the United States is almost the only disputant whose interference in the discussion is obviously improper.

The financial part of the Message is far more carefully worded. In referring to the tariff, Mr. PIERCE is still advocating the interests of the Southern States, and, it may be added, he is supporting their legitimate claims; but the pockets of citizens in the North appear, in his opinion, to be more susceptible than their feelings, and it is only in the mildest terms that Congress is recommended to reduce a superfluous revenue, collected for the protection of Northern manufacturers. The Slave States supply the most valuable exports of the Union; but, although they sell in the dearest market, they are forbidden to purchase in the cheapest. The fabrics of New England and the hardware of Pennsylvania are forced upon the unwilling planters; and the Treasury finds itself in the anomalous position of receiving sums which are imposed, not that they may be spent, but that they may be levied from the tax-payer. The framers of the Constitution intended to provide for the Federal expenditure mainly by direct taxation; and the Central Government has the power of levying from the States a quota which, in case of need, would be added to the ordinary parochial rate upon property. The vast increase of the Customs duties, however, supported by partial legislation, has not only rendered direct taxation unnecessary, but has nearly extinguished the national debt. The tariff is framed on principles repudiated by all modern economists. Commodities not produced within the Union are generally admitted duty free, while manufactured goods are taxed for

the express purpose of protecting native industry from competition. Mr. PIERCE is assuredly justified in his proposal that the public revenue should be henceforth measured by the national wants, and the Democratic majority in Congress will probably succeed in reducing the produce of the duties to an annual sum of about 10,000,000*l.* The dominant party has, in matters of this kind, always inclined to more reasonable views than those which have found favour with the present leaders of the Republicans.

A Presidential Message containing not a single affront to England has become an agreeable novelty. On this occasion, Mr. PIERCE has not kept pace with the most recent exposures of British perfidy. The New York journalists are beginning to discover that our Foreign Office is responsible for WALKER's proposal to cut the expanding Democracy of the North by a Southern Federation. It is remembered that the abolition of slavery in the West Indies was devised and paid for as a measure of hostility to America; and it is implied that the institution will be revived in Jamaica as soon as a Southern Federation has acquired possession of Cuba. The Cabinet of Washington has, in this matter, been hampered by its own professions. RIVAS was recognised as President of Nicaragua, on the pretext that he was a native of the country; and Mr. MARCY has probably taken advantage of the implied admission to resist the pretensions of WALKER. The Message acknowledges, however, the true principle on which all intercourse with foreign Governments ought to be founded. The PRESIDENT declares that he has no sufficient knowledge of the facts of the case; and he intimates that the *de facto* authority in Nicaragua will be recognised as soon as its existence is ascertained. The language used with reference to the Government of New Granada is equally unobjectionable. The United States will maintain their own rights, and protect their citizens; but no menace is at present held out of an intention to annex the territory between the Atlantic and Pacific. It is difficult to understand the motives which can have induced the Granadians to impose a duty on the transit trade of the Isthmus. The Americans are singularly unlikely to acquiesce in the payment of a tribute to a petty Republic. All commercial nations are interested in the security of the inter-oceanic passage; and should no attempt be made to secure exclusive privileges, the United States may conveniently and beneficially exercise the necessary police.

The bold and original proposal to exempt commercial property from seizure in time of war seems likely to meet with general acceptance. It appears that the Emperor of Russia has explicitly adhered to the American view, and that the French Government is supposed to be favourable to the change. After Lord PALMERSTON's speech at Manchester, there seems little reason to doubt the substantial concurrence of England. Should this great improvement be effected on the suggestion of the American Government, it will do much to redeem the memory of Mr. PIERCE's Administration from the contempt which it has in other respects merited. Fortunately for the United States, their greatness and prosperity depend on causes more permanent than the integrity or wisdom of individual statesmen; and many succeeding Presidents will probably be able, like Mr. PIERCE, to congratulate the Union on the wealth, power, and expanding civilization which attract and deserve the admiration of the world.

FRENCH AFFINITIES FOR ENGLAND.

A WRITER of plays, whose place in French literature may be best indicated by saying that in our own country he would take rank a little below the late Judge TALFOURD, and a little above Mr. SHERIDAN KNOWLES, has recently signalized his admission to the Academy by an elaborate protest against the influence of Shakspeare on French composition and taste. It is very clear, from the language of M. PONSARD, that he only knows the "divine Williams" through those French prose translations which, however skilful and meritorious, have invariably the effect of eliminating all that is special and characteristic in the great English poet, while they give an unwholesome prominence to the jokes of his subordinate personages on the one hand, and, on the other, to those rare *purpurei panni* of description which occur here and there in the immortal tissue. What these versions exhibit is not so much Shakspeare, as Shakspeare projected on a flat surface; and in this condition it is not surprising that the broken outline of the distorted picture contrasts unfavourably with the regular contour of the French classical drama. The address of M. PONSARD is,

however, chiefly remarkable as showing with what despairing energy an author, attached to the old French models both by interest and feeling, is compelled to struggle against the approximation of French and English standards, and of French and English sympathies. In form, M. PONSARD protests against Shakspeare, and it is fortunate that what would otherwise perhaps be called the *invasion* of France by English ideas is covered by the credit of so great a name. But, in point of fact, the honour of inspiring the founders of the French Romantic school belongs much less to Shakspeare than to the far inferior genius of Walter Scott.

The revolution which M. PONSARD deprecates is proceeding everywhere in the same direction. It is of extreme importance that the unfriendly language of the French newspapers should not lead us to believe in any real recrudescence of animosity towards England. The French journals are only allowed to write freely on foreign politics; and they fasten by preference on the foreign policy of England, simply because that policy—sometimes wise, sometimes stupid, sometimes audaciously selfish, sometimes unintelligibly generous, but always varied and striking—stands to the subterranean diplomacy of the other European Governments just in the same relation as does the English political system to the despotisms in its vicinity. It is life and activity, courting, provoking, and rewarding criticism, by the side of utter apathy and death. Amid all this cavilling, interest in England and respect for England are steadily growing. We have long since stated some of our reasons for believing this. The more thoughtful of the Imperialists must be attached to the Alliance, simply because, on the assumption contended for by the *Assemblée Nationale*, that it has been exclusively advantageous to England, the Emperor NAPOLEON's policy has been one gigantic mistake. The more thoughtful of the Constitutionalists are glad of any contact with a country that furnishes them with an example but for which all their hopes would be a chimera. Even M. ST. MARC GIRARDIN—floundering among historical parallels, and comparing us to Carthage because our exports are so large, and to Rome because the King of Oude comes here to solicit an augmentation of his pension—writes quite otherwise than he would have ventured to do in the last years of LOUIS PHILIPPE, when it would have been treason against French proprieties to attribute to us anything of the grandeur of Roman ambition, or anything but the gross greed of Punic traders. The most valuable, however, and the most significant of all the symptoms which indicate progress, in friendliness, are those which point to the interchange of ideas, tastes, and common dislikes between the two countries. At the end of the last war, never were two nations so far apart, intellectually, as France and England. A Frenchman got on well enough with a German or an Italian, because, though he knew nothing of their literature, he flattered himself that they worshipped him. But he could not help suspecting that we had no respect whatever for his great models, and ours he looked upon as purely barbarous. Except in strict science, there was not a trace of intellectual sympathy between the two nations, and it will generally be found that when a Frenchman, forty years ago, had to place some English names on a list of worthies, he selected just two—NEWTON and Captain COOK. All this has now come to an end, and, in France, chiefly through the influence of the movement which M. PONSARD so abhors. It may be true that Englishmen do not yet altogether appreciate Corneille, and that they consider Racine a downright bore. It may well be, on the other hand, that Frenchmen bow before the "divine Williams" more often than they look at him, and are strongly disposed to regard Milton as a lunatic. But, though either nation shrinks a little from the intellectual *caviars* of the other, there is, between the extremes, an immense mass of æsthetic dainties on which both are daily feasting with increasing eagerness and increasing appreciation.

The circumstances of convenience which made French the language of diplomacy and of high society were very long before they influenced the education of our countrymen. It is probable that in 1815, less French, and worse French, was spoken in England than in any other European country, except Turkey. CANNING, for example, is known not to have studied any living language except his own, until a prospect was opened to him of becoming Foreign Secretary. But now, though the rough accent and lip-pronunciation of Englishmen are still notorious on the Continent, it would be absurd to compare their French with the jargon which, together with their round hats, they carried with them to

Paris after the Peace. The caricatured Englishman of the French stage speaks a language which is obviously nothing more than a tradition. The spread of English in France is, however, a symptom much more remarkable and much more valuable than any improvement in the French of Englishmen. Ours is among the most difficult of tongues. Its grammar, its orthography, its pronunciation are the hardest of trials to a Frenchman—it is unknown to diplomacy, and repudiated by the cosmopolitan society which shifts about among the European capitals. Yet it is spoken, and for the most part admirably spoken, by a number of Frenchmen which increases every year, and it is taking precedence of every other language in the French schools. Its claims to notice are clear enough. It is studied, first, as the language of freedom and free discussion; and next, as the vehicle of a literature in which the keenest interest is felt. The amount of mental food supplied by England to the Continent is, indeed, very far larger than is commonly supposed in the country which furnishes it. Among the many consequences of our insane tendency towards self-depreciation, is the habit of assuming our literary inferiority to the more cultivated communities of the Continent. Yet, as a matter of fact, no contemporary writers are a twentieth part so widely read, through the medium of translations, as those of Great Britain; and, as respects France in particular, it depends on England exclusively for one entire department of literature. The only books of amusement which can be safely read by women and young persons are versions of English productions; and one can see, by a glance at the Paris booksellers' shops, that everything intermediate between the strong brandy of French romance and the milk-and-water of French popular theology, bears on it the mark of an English origin. The popularity of the works we have indicated is the more remarkable, because they are strongly tinged with Protestant, or, at all events, with Church of England opinions; and, indeed, we have the strongest reason to believe that while our great authors are making way against the antipathy of M. PONSARD, our ephemeral writers, in an humbler sphere, are successfully contending against the much more formidable opposition of the Roman Catholic priesthood.

NEUCHÂTEL.

A MEMOIR on the Question of Neuchâtel, lately published at Berne, while it exhausts the political subject to which it refers, is also a curious and valuable historical document. The deduction, however, of the old feudal title to the Principality possesses little practical importance. In the middle ages, sovereignties descended like private estates; and they were not unfrequently reduced almost to barren titles by the privileges and franchises of the subjects. At the beginning of the eighteenth century, the succession to Neuchâtel was disputed between the representatives of the extinct French house of LONGUEVILLE and the Elector of BRANDENBURG—afterwards King of PRUSSIA—who claimed under a cession from WILLIAM III. of England, representing the Princes of ORANGE and Counts of CHALONS. The predominance of the allies in the War of Succession rendered the success of the French claimant impossible; and the States of Neuchâtel themselves prudently preferred a distant German sovereign to a prince who would himself have been a subject of LOUIS XIV. The right of the Prussian Kings, subsequently recognised in the Treaty of Utrecht, was as valid as the majority of similar titles. The condition of the Principality was in no respect exceptional, for petty States of the same description were to be found on all sides, both in the Empire and in the German provinces of the French Monarchy. The people of Neuchâtel occasionally formed treaties with the neighbouring Swiss Cantons; and they enjoyed the singular privilege of serving in the armies of foreign Powers which might be at war with their own sovereign. Successive Princes, including FREDERICK WILLIAM III., swore to maintain their liberties and constitutions, including the absolute forfeiture of the Principality in the event of its being granted to any stranger.

It was scarcely to be expected that the old feudal arrangement would outlive the great European commotion which followed the French Revolution. In 1806, Napoleon determined that Neuchâtel should be annexed to his Empire, and at the same time that Prussia should pledge herself, by the seizure of Hanover, to irreconcilable hostility with England. Willingly or otherwise, the King of PRUSSIA formally released

the subjects of the Principality from their allegiance, and the fief was soon afterwards conferred on BERTHIER, the famous Major-General of the Imperial armies. It was impossible that a title could be more effectually extinguished than that which the House of Brandenburg had enjoyed for a century. The Treaty of 1806 was not, like that of Tilsit, the mere ratification of a conquest—the Prussian Crown received, in the promised acquisition of Hanover, far more than a full compensation for the insignificant cession demanded by an irresistible ally.

When the French armies retreated within their own frontier, in the winter of 1813, Neuchâtel, as the territory of a French prince, naturally fell to the disposal of the Allied Powers. The Austrian General expressly refused to treat the province as belonging to Prussia, and levied contributions on the express ground that he was occupying a conquered country. Some months afterwards, the King of PRUSSIA, having obtained from BERTHIER a renunciation of his rights, proclaimed his re-assumption of the sovereignty which he had voluntarily surrendered in 1807. The Great Powers were, in the meantime, more interested in providing security against French aggression than in deciding titular controversies; and it was determined that Neuchâtel should be included in the Swiss Confederation. The deputies of the province formally applied to the Diet for admission, and the demand was eventually granted, but only on these express conditions:—"The canton shall exist by itself as a State, inalienable, indivisible, and entirely detached from the Prussian monarchy. His Majesty the King of PRUSSIA recognises the full competence of the Government of Neuchâtel to conclude the union of the country with Switzerland, and its admission into the union of the Confederates. Consequently, the execution of all the engagements which this State might contract, as member of the Confederation, would concern the Government of Neuchâtel exclusively; and in regard to the general affairs of Switzerland, and to the forms with which they are conducted, and to its share in their result, Neuchâtel should be placed in the relations which exist among the cantons." Finally, by the first article of the Act of Union, it is declared "that the fulfilment of all the engagements which the State of Neuchâtel contracts as member of the Confederation, the participation of the State in the deliberation of the general affairs of Switzerland, the ratification and execution of the resolutions of the Diet, shall exclusively concern the Government residing at Neuchâtel, without requiring any ratification or ulterior sanction."

Under these provisions the rights of the titular Prince were practically insignificant. Neuchâtel was entitled to the benefit of Swiss neutrality when Prussia was at war, and was bound by a Federal declaration of war even against the Prussian Crown. The style of Canton-Principality involved numerous anomalies; and the leaders of the Royalist party, including members of the POURTALES family, have, on more than one occasion, expressed their opinion that it was impossible for so inconsistent a system to continue. The population in general have judged that it was better that forms should give way to facts, than that geographical and political convenience should be sacrificed to the vanity of a distant Potentate. Their position as Swiss rendered them useless subjects to Prussia; and it was found that a foreign allegiance interfered with their duties to the confederated nation of which they really formed a part. Yet a revolutionary movement in 1832 was suppressed by the Federal troops; and it was not before 1848 that the existing republican constitution was finally adopted. The author of the *Memoir* explains at length the practical inconvenience of the former system, and he states that, since the revolution, no other part of Switzerland has progressed so rapidly, both in prosperity and in good administration. It might perhaps be objected that he overloads his case with arguments which, however sound, will be rejected as irrelevant by the advocates of legitimacy. The Prussian claims, as well as the pretexts for interference on the part of the Great Powers, are exclusively founded on the Treaty of Vienna, for the anterior title of the House of BRANDENBURG had been effectually extinguished in 1807. The proclamation by which the Principality was resumed, actually alleges in its preamble the necessity of rectifying the provisions of Tilsit, which in no way concerned the affairs of Neuchâtel.

By the Federal law, the Swiss Diet is precluded from interfering in constitutional changes within the limits of the Cantons. By the Act of Union, the resident Government of Neuchâtel is exclusively recognised by the Diet; and it may be plausibly argued that the *de facto* Republic is entitled to

engaged in designs wholly at variance with the principles and objects of its alliance with Great Britain. The reader of 1838, after this announcement followed by another insisting upon the necessity under which Great Britain was placed of regarding the advance of the Persian arms into Afghanistan as an act of hostility towards herself, naturally looked for some exposition of the retributive measures which were to be adopted towards the offending States; but, instead of menacing with chastisement the Shah of PERSIA, who had done this wrong, the manifesto proceeded to declare that DOST MAHOMED, who was as anxious to keep the Persians out of Herat and ourselves (was) to be punished with the loss of his dominions. In the present Proclamation, there is nothing so illogical in form, or so flagrant in substance. The public are informed that, Persia having offended, Persia is to be punished. There is no intimation of a third party, no indication of any violations of faith. There is no Afghan scape-goat to be driven into the wilderness, bearing the sin of the real aggressors. We are simply and intelligibly told that the conduct of the Persians has been pronounced by her Majesty's Government to constitute an act of open hostility against Great Britain, and that reparation having been sought without success, it has become incumbent on the British Government to take measures by which the Persian Government shall be convinced that solemn engagements entered into with Great Britain cannot be violated with impunity, and by which effectual guarantees against continuous breach of faith shall be secured. "To this end," continues the Proclamation, "a force has been directed to assemble," &c. There is, in all events, some logic in this—the conclusion is not at variance with the premises. Let us say a few words about these premises. The offence committed by Persia in laying siege to Herat is declared to be a direct violation of a Convention entered into by Sir J. Polk with the Persian Minister at the commencement of 1853. We must wait for the re-assembly of Parliament to learn the precise terms of this Convention; but, in the meanwhile, we may gather the substance of it so far, at least, as regards the Herat question—from the following passages in the Proclamation itself:

By those articles the Persian Government engaged not to send troops to Herat on any account, unless foreign troops—that is, troops from the direction of Cabul or Kandahar, or other foreign country—should invade Herat. In the event of troops being sent, the Persian Government engaged that the said troops should not enter the city of Herat, and that, on the return of the said troops towards their own territory, the Persian troops should be immediately withdrawn from the neighbourhood of Herat to Persian soil. The Persian Government also engaged to abstain from all interference whatever in the internal affairs of Herat, whether in taking possession, or in occupying, or assuming the sovereignty, or governing, except in so far as interference existed between the two parties during the lifetime of the late Yar Mahomed. And lastly, the Persian Government engaged to relinquish all pretension to, and demand for, the county, or the ruling of the Khooth, or any other acknowledgment of allegiance or subjection, on the part of the people of Herat, to the Government of Persia. On the other hand, it was engaged, on the name of the British Government, that, if any foreign power, such as the Afghans or others, should wish to interfere with, or to take possession of Herat, the British Government, on the requisition of the Persian Ministers, would not object to retain such foreign power by judiciously chosen troops, that Herat might remain in its own state of independence. Now, it is certain that, up to this time, the AMEER of Cabul—who, with other Barukzye Sirdars, is we presume, intimidated by the Afghans, in the above paragraphs—has made no attempt to possess himself of Herat. But it is urged by the Persian Government that the AMEER has seized upon Candahar; Candahar, however, is not Herat, though it is on the road from Cabul to Herat; and the question, "What next?" must have been answered by the disturbed imaginations of the Persians in a superfluously alarming manner. But, whatever might be the apprehensions of the Court of Persia, the movements of the Barukzye Sirdars, in Afghanistan, furnished no just cause for a violation of the convention with Great Britain, which contemplated the occupation of Herat as a ground for British interference, but made no sort of provision against the occupation of Candahar by the Cabul AMEER, or by any one else. The consolidation of the Afghan Empire under one ruler may be distasteful to Persia; but DOST MAHOMED has assuredly a far better right to attempt it for himself than we had to attempt it on the part of SHAH SOBHAN. We have, no doubt, therefore, on a review of the circumstances out of which the war has arisen, that there is a legitimate cause for it. We are convinced also that sound

policy has dictated, and still dictates, the necessity of preventing the frontier town of Herat from falling into the hands of the Persians. We believe that the present movement will accomplish this, and more than this. The Court of Teheran is as timid as it is false. It has never yet been taught to fear the power of England. There are but two ways of establishing an influence in Persia—the one by making ourselves trusted, the other by making ourselves feared. We have failed to accomplish the former—it remains, therefore, for us to attempt the latter. We have already been too long trifled with by that faithless Power; and the interests and the dignity of the British Government alike require that this trifling shall cease.

SELWYN REDIVIVUS.

SELWYN yet survives. A hanging-day is still a holiday; but the peculiar spirit in which the details of the scoundrel MARLEY's execution are told, by the gentlemen of the press proves that, while the fine British taste for horrors is not worn out, it exhibits itself now-a-days after a characteristic fashion. Not that the taste is peculiarly British; for parties of fine ladies were made, less than a century ago, to see DAMEX torn in pieces by horses in the middle of Paris. The Place de Grève has had more fashionable visitors than the Old Bailey; but what is characteristic of the present taste for executions, among ourselves is its business-like character. This is finely brought out in the narrative of MARLEY's execution, which, with some unimportant though curious differences, was furnished to the British public by the London papers on Tuesday morning. The article is not unworthy of study, whether in its moral or in its literary aspects. In the latter, it is a curiosity. It is written clearly by a gentleman guiltless of grammar, although, with considerable shrewdness, he has hit the popular taste. To be thoroughly appreciated, it must be studied in its original shape, as it appears in the *Morning Post*, with all its episodes, and its bold, but life-like, innovations on syntax. The *Times*, with a cruel disregard of the author's style, has corrected his characteristic idioms, and retrenched some of the telling points; but even in the balder recension, much of the spirit and purpose of the writer is retained, and all newspaper readers must admit that, though a vulgar and unfeeling person, the narrator of MARLEY's death is not without a certain cleverness. Anyhow, like most of these occasional authors, he hits the popular feeling. As regards executions, that feeling we suspect to be somewhat vague and colourless. Perhaps the public, as in many other things, does not much regard principles in public executions. It simply accepts the fact; and the fact of Monday morning is treated as a mere fact, in a cool, quiet, business-like, unimpassioned way. This is the aspect which presented itself to the historian whose narrative of the last hours of MARLEY we propose to examine; and it is, we think, characteristic of the general British estimate of public executions—not very "thrilling," not very high-coloured, not particularly dramatic, but simply business-like. The fine English practical character comes out in it. MARLEY appears on the scaffold neither as a hero, nor as a victim—certainly not as a martyr, and anything but a bloody murderer meeting his deserts. The annalist does not reproduce the death scene of SOCRATES, nor is he contributing to the *Acta Sanctorum*. Mr. MARLEY is not, as in the Calvinist tracts, already anticipating the raptures and ecstasies of acceptance; nor is the gallows-tree surveyed in the fierce, vindictive, mocking spirit of the "London Scoundrel." It is dull, solid, common-place, unimpassioned, and matter-of-fact—rather a domestic scene, without romance or pathos, dignity or sympathy, feeling or principle. The writer's aim is to divest an execution of all its terrors, and our complaint is that he has succeeded.

We hold it to be a great misfortune when the public execution of a murderer comes to be regarded in this cold, heartless way. And that it is so regarded and so accepted is clear, because the story is so narrated. Newspaper historians, even of the lowest rank, must, more or less, reflect the general popular sentiment. There is a general interest in the details of an execution; but the interest is passionless and cool, and consequently, to meet this feeling, the picture is one of mere repose. This is to be regretted; for, perhaps the very worst and most useless aspect of a public execution is to treat it as an ordinary affair, and to deprive it of its wholesome horror. We are far from taking that cruel and unjust estimate of the sacredness of human life which de-

clines to hang a fellow like MARLEY. Government owes a debt of protection to society; and the contract cannot be performed unless punishments are heavy. For the blackest crimes the heaviest punishment is due. Were it possible to devise a juster punishment for murder than death, we should willingly inflict it. We retain and justify capital punishment because it is a punishment—because it is retaliatory and vindictive. But it must be seen to be such. The offender must be treated as a criminal—not with cruelty, nor with torture—with all humanity, but with justice. We do not want either the dramatic, or the heroic, or the maudlin religious element to pervade the press-room and the scaffold. But, as far as we can understand, with all parties concerned, from Sheriff MECHI down to CALCRAFT, the object now seems to be to strip the scaffold of its horrors, and to make a man going to be hanged feel about as much as we all of us feel in the dentist's waiting-room. Be a public execution what it may, it can never be defended if it has no more interest or purpose—if it means no more and no less—than the household aspect of an ordinary day's work. Does the narrative contained in last Tuesday's papers rise above this level? Did not everybody, according to the annalist, seem to do his best to bring the whole affair down to its most prosaic, unexpressive, and insignificant aspect?

As to MARLEY, we suppose the key-note of this narrative is taken from his actual demeanour. He is described as neither hardened nor penitent. He is "cool and collected, without the slightest trepidation, and with an entire absence of bravado." This is evidently the narrator's ideal of a man going to be hanged. He clearly relishes it, and expands it, accordingly, with proper illustration. His taste revolts equally from fanaticism and insensibility. MARLEY, who "appears"—the historian will not pledge himself to the fact—"to have entirely neglected his religious duties previous to the commission of the offence" (mark the euphemism for beating in poor CORE's brains) has, "since his conviction, paid great attention to the spiritual consolation afforded to him by the Rev. Mr. DAVIS; and without making any parade or outward show of religion, it was the opinion of all about him that he was really impressed with due religious notions, and that he felt deeply the enormity of the crime, and looked for pardon." We cannot go on with this wretched misuse of religious phrases; but the upshot of the matter is, that MARLEY very nicely hit the decorous medium. He seems to have caught the philosophic ideal, and fulfilled that noble mean which places virtue in the equilibrium of opposite and deflecting vices. The "due religious notions" are afterwards explained as those of "a calm, determined man, fully impressed with the conviction that, never having had the slightest expectation of escaping punishment, he had looked forward to it as an inevitable result." Hence the "complete abstraction of the convict," his "calm, firm demeanour, without the least emotion." Neither the procession nor the gallows "seemed to have the least effect upon him." His "carriage was jaunty"—his recognition of his official friends, the sheriffs and turnkeys, familiar and easy. Nor was this the violent and sudden tension of the string. He "partook of some tea, and bread and butter," and "resumed his devotional exercises," just as was his wont; and as the reporter, corrected in the *Times*, has it, he "slept tolerably sound a considerable portion of the night." Nothing disturbed his equanimity. He neither resisted like BOUSFIELD, nor swaggered like THISTLEWOOD, nor "died dunghill" like a poor wretch a year or two ago. Like King CHARLES, this ruffian, of whom it is fondly recorded that he was "six feet high, and a fine young man in appearance"—

. . . nothing common did nor mean,
Amid that memorable scene.

Not even the new system of pinioning takes him by surprise; and though we find that, in the graceful language of the reporter, "an apparently somewhat elaborate and complicated collection of straps are substituted" for the old cords, Mr. MARLEY accepts the innovation as rather a compliment than otherwise, and "assists at his own toilet."

Indeed the whole scene is uniform. The officials and authorities exerted themselves, with elaborate ingenuity, to carry on the domestic aspect of the thing, and to place Mr. MARLEY at his ease. If there was anything like awkwardness or restraint in the case, we have all of us witnessed worse in the fatal half-hour before dinner. Mr. MECHI, who must be troubled with a constitutional incapacity to retain his small talk, ventured upon the silly, not to say profane conventionalisms, "I hope you are prepared," and "I hope you have

made your peace with God"—to which, after MARLEY's assenting and easy reply, "Perfectly prepared, Sir," the worthy Sheriff went off to his friend's visiting list, and, for aught we know, discussed the weather, the cattle show, or the Parish Conferences. After some well-timed, but rather superfluous, offers of service—which seem to have been declined with great good taste and self-possession by MARLEY, who met the Sheriff's politeness with remarkable *aplomb*—the Rev. Mr. DAVIS, by way of increasing the easy and domestic attitude of the parting, which by this time was running along the social groove at a very smooth pace, observed that MARLEY had commissioned him to state "that he had no complaints whatever to make either as to the verdict of the jury or any other matter." After this thoughtful and considerate observation, all parties, like Mr. Swiveller, having "struck an attitude," and established relations of the most perfect good understanding and mutual kindness, forgiving and forgiven, "CALCRAFT, the executioner, was introduced." Introduced is a fine stroke of genius, which the *Morning Post* characteristically retains, but which the *Times* is unfeeling enough to exchange for "was brought in," to the entire destruction of the whole spirit of the scene. No doubt Mr. CALCRAFT was announced by the Sheriff's footman, and we can quite imagine Mr. MECHI himself doing the honours—Mr. MARLEY, Mr. CALCRAFT, Mr. CALCRAFT, Mr. MARLEY. Quite a contest of politeness follows in the strapping matter. The gentlemen—though this *trait* is only produced in the *Herald*—are funny about a "first-rate fit." In a conversational lull, the like of which occurs in the best circles, Mr. MECHI again makes talk. By way of interesting all parties, he fires a shot, after the manner of genteel society, at a neutral subject, and with great kindness goes into the history of the house of CALCRAFT, which it seems is an Essex stock. Mr. MECHI asks "whether his, CALCRAFT's, mother was still living"—to which he replies, "No, sir, rest her soul! she is in the churchyard." This observation—the delicacy of which, and its refined allusion to their mutual friend Mr. MARLEY, are in the very highest style of good breeding on Mr. CALCRAFT's part—betrays, however, we regret to say, by its apparent sanction of prayers for the dead, a theological bias which (and we commend this matter to the *Record*) looks very much as if Romanizing and Tractarian influences were at work on this respectable functionary. We do not choose to pursue the details further; but even "when it became necessary to steady the culprit's legs," everything that a friendly and compassionate feeling could suggest seems to have been done in the kindest way. And this is reciprocal; for the reporter seems to hint that MARLEY was so considerate as even to cut his death-struggle short for the express purpose of saving Mr. CALCRAFT trouble.

All this is to our minds unspeakably disgusting. This easy, familiar, domestic aspect of the gallows—this politeness on the scaffold—this mixture of etiquette and strangulation, strapping and small-talk—is the very worst way in which so terrible an event as a public execution can be brought before the public. If it is all true, which we very much doubt, the scoundrel's "calm, firm demeanour" was only insolent, brutal apathy. He went to the death which he richly deserved, not with the calm determination of a penitent, but with the stupid insensibility of the beasts that perish. This is the lesson which last Monday teaches.

BALLOT AND THE BERKELEYAN PHILOSOPHY.

GOD has divided the human race—to parody a saying, invented with a different application—into men, women, and BERKELEYS. Certainly the house is as marked as was any in Hellenic fable. In every member of it something very odd is noticeable. In fraternal electioneering quarrels, in respect for public opinion, in thrashing booksellers for anonymous writing, or in advocating anonymous voting, BERKELEY is, somehow or other, always before the world. The extant BERKELEY craze appears in the person of Mr. HENRY BERKELEY, who represents the city of Bristol, and, because the part chances to be disengaged, the annual championship of the Ballot. We are almost tempted to wish the experiment of the Ballot tried on the House of BERKELEY. Would the member for Bristol accept this crucial test? We should be quite certain of the desirableness of adopting the principle if it excluded the BERKELEY quaternion. The Ballot is to guarantee perfect security for every voter to record his real and unbiassed sentiments. Try it, then, like the guillotine, on its advocate—begin with the BERKELEYS. We hold it to be a truth prior to and above all proof, that

no BERKELEY ever could or would secure the confidence—the real uninfluenced good opinion—of any intelligent body of electors, could they but register their real opinions. The Ballot, therefore, if it be all that Mr. HENRY BERKELEY vouches it to be, would certainly ostracize him from Bristol, as well as the Admiral from Gloucester, the General from Devonport, and the Captain from Cheltenham—assuming, at least, that the electors of these boroughs merit half the good things which are periodically said of and to them by their representatives. Such a consummation would certainly recommend the scheme. Will its advocate stand this practical issue? By so doing he would establish the principle, and we would accept the Ballot, or any other desperate nostrum, so that we were relieved from the BERKELEYS.

At present a dispute is going on between Mr. BERKELEY and the *Times* newspaper. It began in consequence of a speech of Mr. H. BERKELEY at the Colston dinner at Bristol in the autumn; and it has been carried on because the *Times* had nothing better—and it certainly could have nothing worse—to fill its columns with. In the way of argument, the less said as to the merits of either disputant, the better. It is a mere rough-and-tumble—a scuffle in which there is a vast deal more barking than biting; but it has ended in something in which others are concerned besides the immediate disputants. The last outbreak was in consequence of a public meeting in the immaculate and creditable borough of Greenwich, at which a vote by a large majority in favour of the Ballot was taken. Why the Ballot should be wanted in a constituency of which some voters have invited the candidature of Lieut.-Col. SLEIGH, we cannot conceive. We are surprised—and we are not surprised—that it did not occur to Mr. BERKELEY that the Greenwich vote, being an open one, could prove nothing. Is not his postulate that open voting must, from the necessity of the case, be influenced, cowardly, and venal? If so, what is the value of the Greenwich testimony and majority? According to Mr. BERKELEY, the only vote to be depended upon is a secret one; and upon his own principles he can never be sure that public opinion is legitimately expressed on this question, until the vote upon the expediency of Ballot is itself taken by Ballot.

After the Greenwich meeting, Mr. BERKELEY took up his parable, in reply to a sufficiently common-place article in the *Times* in favour of publicity as a safeguard to political freedom. Mr. BERKELEY's answer bore in its front the preliminary objection that no honest defence of publicity could emanate from an anonymous writer. "Who drives fat oxen must himself be fat," and it would have been equally logical had the *Times* replied that every advocate of secret voting ought to write anonymously; and, therefore, that the letter signed H. BERKELEY must be mere moonshine. But this was not the answer of the *Times*, which contented itself with showing that once a year was enough, and too much, of Mr. H. BERKELEY and his crochets. Upon this Mr. BERKELEY rejoined with a violent personal attack upon a gentleman whom he assumed to have been the writer in the *Times*, saluting him as "an Australian dingo." We must say that this is a little too much, even from a member of the House of BERKELEY. Public opinion has not expressed itself very strongly about Lord FITZHARDINGE's alleged interference with certain clerical appointments—even the highest—in the diocese of Gloucester and Bristol. As yet, Lord FITZHARDINGE's ostentatious patronage of Dean CLOSE has not elicited more than pity for the clergyman who is honoured with that distinguished nobleman's support. But the notion of an advocate of the Ballot attacking anonymous journalism is an insult to common sense and propriety which can only be accounted for by the fact that the assailant is a BERKELEY. It is pretty FANNY's way. The fate of the late Mr. FRASER at present stands a solitary and too powerful argument against anonymous writing. And we have not forgotten that it was urged by a BERKELEY. Is it to be repeated? Secret voting to defend the voter's conscience—open bludgeoning to coerce the anonymous writer. Secret writing must necessarily be dishonest, and is to be proscribed. Secret voting must be enforced, because it is the only refuge of the honest conscience.

We are obliged to Mr. BERKELEY for this little hint about the requisite accompaniments of the Ballot. It seems, then, that secret voting will not work side by side with anonymous journalism. If we accept the one, we must give up the other. In the same letter in which Mr. BERKELEY advocates the one, he reprobates the other; and probably he is right. At any rate, the system works in its completeness in a neighbouring country to which Mr. BERKELEY's allusions are re-

markably scanty. In all his instances of the success of Ballot, we observe that his references to France are reluctant and cautious. And yet it is a fact that, in the only two countries in which Ballot is at work, it fails. In the United States, the form of the thing survives; but its essence—concealment—is abandoned. In France, both form and essence—the box and the secrecy—are in full work, and the result is despotism and the abolition of the freedom of the press. In other words, where there is political freedom the Ballot is superfluous—where there might be liberty, it is an instrument of tyranny.

But let us pursue the state of Mr. BERKELEY's mind on the subject of political security and secrecy. He is opposed to anonymous journalism. If you write anonymously, at the best you are an "English cur"—at the worst, an "Australian dingo." Failing these topics of persuasion, the House of BERKELEY falls back upon the *argumentum baculinum*; and, as in the FRASER case, double-thongs one whom it only suspects of writing his real and conscientious opinions. Here, then, secrecy is so great a social evil that it can only be kept in check by the horsewhip. Once let a man be shrouded by the anonymous, and you can only keep him honest by the fear of a thrashing. A BERKELEY supplies us at once with the theory and with the security against its abuse. Probably the English mind, to which Mr. BERKELEY so confidently appeals, thinks that gold can be bought too dear, and that even Ballot would be expensive if violence and intimidation are the unavoidable correctives of secrecy. Surely if the secret voter has a right to a moral security against a landlord's intimidation, the trembling journalist has a right to the same security of anonymousness against a BERKELEY's fist. Perhaps Mr. BERKELEY will say that he, individually, did not assault Mr. FRASER. But he has personally insulted one whom he believes to have written in the *Times*; and, in a moral point of view, his assault on this gentleman is just as unworthy as that which was committed on the publisher in Regent-street some twenty years ago.

Mr. BERKELEY is pathetic in advocating the rights of those timid farmers and quaking tradesmen who need protection in giving a vote; but he cannot conceive the necessity of securing the personal safety of writers in giving their opinion of himself and his political doctrines. He is indignant at the "privacy of the *Times*' editorial Ballot-box." If you are a man, out with your name—sign your article—let us see whether you are a British bulldog, or an Australian dingo. Exactly so—if publicity is the only guarantee of a man's honesty, what is true of a writer is true of a voter. "If a man cannot openly vote according to his conscience, he has a right to be protected by secrecy." By parity of reasoning, if a man cannot openly write according to his conscience, he has a right to be protected by the anonymous; and when it comes to this, that the liberty of the press is the price at which we must purchase the Ballot, we decline the transaction.

A word at parting with Mr. BERKELEY. In the last century there was a distinguished writer named BERKELEY. He was a very wise man, a philosopher, a divine, and, as Pope says, possessed of "every virtue under heaven"—strong evidences that the member for Bristol is connected with him only by name. His philosophy was of a very refined and supersensual sort, and he is said to have denied the existence of matter—which, by the way, he did not. The vulgar, and it was a very vulgar, refutation of his theory, was to request the ideal philosopher to knock his head against a stone wall by way of convincing himself of the existence of an external world. Mr. HENRY BERKELEY, like the Bishop of CLOYNE, is an idealist. He lives in a world of phantoms. Political life appears to him to be peopled with pale visions of oppressed voters, of coerced consciences, and of sighing yeomen secretly cursing the proud man's contumely and the landlord's intimidation. Mr. BERKELEY refutes his own Berkeleyanism. When he comes to deal with the bodiless, he, too, appeals to a very sensible confutation. For our own part, we believe in the BERKELEY Bludgeon as a real and solid, if not logical, argument—we do not believe in the BERKELEY Ballot.

TRIVIA.

IN the unprecedented progress of this strange metropolis—which, after a history of more than a thousand years, still grows, to use Mr. Macaulay's phrase, "as fast as a town on a water-privilege in Missouri"—nothing is more curious than the utterly lawless process of accretion by which its various parts come to be united. London is like Christian teaching. We have

street upon street, terrace upon terrace—here a little and there a little—or to speak more exactly, almost everywhere a great deal. Of the five or six great trunk lines of railway which, within the last twenty-five years, have found a common centre in the capital, there is hardly one that has not produced a new city. To take a single example:—It is not more than sixteen or seventeen years since the church which stands near the northern end of Albion-street, Hyde-park, was the *Ultima Thule* of London in that direction. It was surrounded by fields which were in a transition state from country to town, being covered with deep trenches just dug out to serve for the foundations of a new city. This church is now the centre from which no fewer than five lines of what advertisements call “first-class residences” diverge, expanding at short intervals into Hyde-park, Oxford and Sussex-squares, and Westbourne and Gloucester-terraces. The streets extend from a mile and a half to two miles further, including crescents, villas, squares, and terraces innumerable, suited to the most various capacities of purse. In all this immense city, large enough to be the capital of many Continental States, and constructed almost entirely to supply the wants of people more or less well to do in the world, we do not think there is a single house twenty-five years old.

One of the oddest consequences of this state of things is to be found in the strange confusion of names of streets which presents itself to the bewildered Londoner. Every builder and every land-owner has done what is right in his own eyes, until the complication has become perfectly intolerable. The absence of invention and of system, of which we are sometimes accused as a nation, has seldom found a more curiously complete illustration. The Metropolitan Board of Works informs us that the following seventeen names of streets occur most frequently, viz.:—George Street, 62 times; Charles Street, 55; John Street, 45; King Street, 44; Queen Street, 38; Church Street, 34; New Street, 33; William Street, 31; High Street, 30; Union Street, 30; North Street, 28; Duke Street, 26; James Street, 25; York Street, 25; Park Place, 21; Edward Street, 20; and York Place 24 times. Thus it appears that there are 571 streets in this metropolis designated by 17 names only.

But this is not all. We have not only acted like a man who, having a large family, christens four of his seven sons George, and three Thomas, and four of his seven daughters Ann, and three Mary—but like a family who have made it a rule to endow all their children with a double-barrelled patronymic. We never get hold of a moderately euphonious word, without prefixing it to every possible variation on the word “street.” Much in the same way as Vernon and Sydney have a strange affinity with various less aristocratic names, the well sounding Belgrave and Westbourne—names which would do for the heroes of novels—are prefixed to innumerable terminations. Thus we have Westbourne Street, Westbourne Terrace, Westbourne Terrace North, Westbourne Road, Westbourne Park, Westbourne Park Road, Westbourne Park Terrace, Westbourne Villas, Westbourne Park Villas, Westbourne Gardens, Westbourne Crescent, and we know not what other Westbournes, though we believe that in all there are about thirty-two of them. Not only is this a reproach upon us in an æsthetic point of view, but it entails very serious inconvenience; for, besides the difficulty of finding the synonymous places, the names occasionally mislead. Almost all the Westbournes, for example, are situated in the extreme north-west, but one of them, though we cannot undertake to say which, lies in Belgravia. Grosvenor Square, Grosvenor Place, and Grosvenor Crescent, afford an instance of a similar dislocation. Another absurd consequence of the uniformity of names is to be found in their enormous intricacy. There is a locality which rejoices in the following remarkable appellation, Melville Cottages, Torriano Avenue, Camden Town Villas, Camden Town. When one of its inhabitants sees his name written at the top and London at the bottom of such a conglomerate, he must feel like the Spanish grandee in the *Elegant Extracts*, who surprises the landlord by consenting

With all the et ceteras of his style,
To sleep upon a single pillow.

It must, we should think, be a constant subject of wonder to an inhabitant of one of Melville &c. Cottages, that it only takes one family to live in a place with so many names.

Many have been the schemes for introducing some kind of order into this chaos, and possibly, if we had a *tabula rasa* to start with, they would be feasible enough. There is the American plan—we believe adopted in Philadelphia—of simple enumeration, 24th street, 365th street, &c. But, not to speak of the difficulty of distinguishing the number of the street from the number of the house, what mortal memory could remember, or what postman could discover, an address in which a cipher was illegible or omitted? What would be the feelings of a cabman on being told to drive to 6739th street, No. 35? The historical system looks more plausible. The streets of London would become a sort of school of virtue, and its ingenuous youth might be preserved by the prospect of the glories of the first floor from the temptations of the pavement. Contemplating the memorials of departed virtue, they might feel—like popular lecturers or female novelists—that they might make their names sublime, and their footprints leave behind them on the desert sands of time; but probably the list of eminent men would run out before we got to the end of our street nomenclature. We have heard of another suggestion which,

though embarrassed with various difficulties, is not, we think, quite unworthy of consideration. It consists of giving to all the streets geographical names, distributed with reference to their position in London. If we divided London into districts, like the nations of a Mediæval University—as, for example, into the Northern, the East Anglian, the East and West Midland, the Home, the Western, the Welsh districts—and if, wherever a new street was to be named, we gave it the name of some place in the district to which it belonged, we should have in course of time a sort of natural arrangement of the various names. For example, Sunderland Street would be in the North of London; Norwich Square, in the East; Derby Road, somewhere in Pentonville; Hereford Terrace, in Marylebone; Lewes Crescent, in Southwark; Exeter Place, in Belgravia; and Carsarvon Gardens, in Tyburnia. Whether there is any objection to the geographical distribution of local names, we are not aware; but the Report which we have already quoted mentioned a curious objection to using the names of places at all for this purpose. The word “Street,” or “Terrace,” is often either left out or imperfectly written—so that a letter meant for Oxford Street often goes to Oxford, and one for York Place to York.

Great as is the difficulty of naming the streets, we have contrived, it seems, to increase it by some characteristically unsymmetrical arrangements. Different parts of a leading street have entirely different names, which generally apply only to one side of the street at a time. Thus, between its junction with the Edgware-road and the Angel at Islington, the New Road has no less than fifty-five aliases, and only one of them applies to both sides of the street. In each of these fifty-five portions there is a separate system of numbers. In other streets, the numbers are not consecutive. Thus 245, Oxford Street ought to be No. 253, and 249 and 257 are next-door neighbours. In some streets, the numbers go up one side and down the other; and in some, the odd and even numbers face each other. The Committee recommend that the latter plan should be uniformly adopted, and that the numbers should always begin at the end of the street nearest St. Paul’s. They also recommend that the names of the streets running east and west should be painted black on a white ground, and the names of those which run north and south, white on a black ground. We should think, that, as in Paris, the same plan might advantageously be adopted with respect to the numbers; and if the colours were white on blue, and blue on white, respectively in streets to the east and south of St. Paul’s, a glance would be enough to determine the points of the compass.

There is one valuable suggestion on the subject which is not mentioned in the Report, but which, some time ago, was alluded to in a Post-office circular, and is now about to be carried into effect. It is proposed that London shall be divided into as many as ten distinct districts, each with its separate Post-office, so that a letter, from the Regent’s Park to Belgrave Square will not have to go to the General Post-office, but will be despatched direct from one place to the other. Of course, in the addresses of such letters, it will be necessary to insert the name of the district—or initials representing it—as we insert the name of the post-town in a country letter. This would be made much easier, however, if the name of the district were always painted up under the name of the street. At present it is sometimes difficult to know whether a particular street is in Marylebone or Paddington, Paddington or Bayswater.

Upon the general recommendations of the Committee we have only one remark. They appear to us to overrate the difficulty of accustoming the public to changes. When a change is once made, it is surprising to see how soon it becomes just as natural as the state of things which it superseded. A married woman, for instance, forgets her maiden name wonderfully soon. It is said that as much inconvenience was inflicted by the return from the Revolutionary to the Christian calendar in France, as by the converse operation. We feel no doubt that, if a few well-calculated, systematic, and decisive changes were introduced into the whole nomenclature of London, the inconvenience would be over in a few weeks or months, while the convenience would be almost incalculable.

ALNWICK-BORGHESE.

OUR architectural chiefs are now fairly engaged pell-mell in an artistic Chevy Chase, since “the Percy out of Northumberland” has chivalrously made his munificent restoration of Alnwick Castle the public property of criticism. Let us say at the outset, that all parties unite to praise Mr. Salvin’s spirited rehabilitation of the feudal exterior. All join in their admiration of the intention with which the Duke is not only anxious to make the inside a model of artistic richness, but to train a school of native workmen in its behalf. But here a serious divergence occurs. The Duke of Northumberland, having no faith in the capabilities of the mediæval style for internal decoration, has Romanized—nay, ultra-Romanized; for he placed the work in the hands of the famous Canina, who literally died—if not *propter*, at least *post hoc*—at Florence, on his return from Alnwick. The Institute of British Architects is divided upon the question. Professor Donaldson enthusiastically backs his deceased friend and the generous nobleman—Mr. Scott heads an uncompromising opposition. Mr. Salvin, from his position, is compelled to keep silence; but it is abundantly clear on which

side his sympathies lie. It cannot fail to be very annoying to him to see the whole fabric of his taste and learning utterly disappear, like a castle of enchantment, when the barbarian is crossed, in favour of the style of another land and another age. Even those who, on principle, side with Canina must feel for the position in which Mr. Salvin is placed; and, for our own part, we do not hesitate to say that we side with him alike in feeling and on principle. We are far from wishing to commit ourselves to the extravagant dictum of Mr. Ruskin, that a man is in duty bound, if he repairs a single window of his house—that house being of a modern style—to adopt Gothic forms in it. We have heard of a large country-house which has lately been altered, by a person known for his attachment to mediæval architecture, from the designs of Carpenter, in which a principal thing attended to has been to avoid the introduction of a single Gothic detail. The building being Italian, the architect's energies were devoted to altering it into that style, which, with classic details, might combine the northernism of high roofs, &c., such as our climate demands, and Gothic offers; and it has accordingly come out a French chateau of the seventeenth century, with a Mansard roof. But we are wandering from the point. In the instance we have just referred to, personal predilections gave way to a deliberate conviction in favour of homogeneity. Alnwick is a gigantic inconsistency, to the persons of one faction no less than of the other. If Mr. Scott laments the sacrifice of border tradition and Old-English association, no doubt, Canina shrugged his shoulders at the beehive fortalice, and muttered *Gottico Tedesco!* The purists on both sides are disappointed, and the eclecticists are far from satisfied at the inconsistent consistency with which the mansion is outside completely mediæval, and inside completely renaissance.

The reason of the course adopted is the idea that, as we are in all our ways of living very unlike the rough old Northumbrian warriors of five centuries since, the attempt to furnish their stronghold in a manner which should recall the forms which met their eyes, must either end in making the present Lord of the Castle antiquarianly uncomfortable or illegitimately luxurious. We grant most fully that, if the guests at Alnwick were now to find the hospitality with which Hotspur kept together his party, the results, as to popularity, might be different. But to place the question on this issue is utterly to ignore the philosophy of architectural and decorative art. All art, to be worth anything, lives with the life, and grows with the growth, of those who use it. What is the history of the forms which Canina intended to acclimatize in Northumberland? They are those which were originally shaped to meet the climate, the civilization, and the religion of Romans 1800 years ago. They were revived 1500 years later, to meet the same climate and the same locality, but another civilization and another religion. They are now, after another 500 years, being transported to a distant land and different climate, and a very different civilization. Either the style must be an archaeological inebriety, or it must be vitally modified from its original conditions. What is the true course to take? The development, to meet a developed civilization, of forms which were in use by the same English race, in this same English climate, some centuries ago. Granted that the mode of living at Alnwick must be according to the wants of the nineteenth century, who is more like the modern noblemen—Lucullus, or Percy Earl of Northumberland? When a classicist avers his artistic preferences, and justifies them by a scientific comparison of forms and methods of construction, we are anxious to listen to him, and to give his arguments all their due weight. It may be that he has reason for his predilection. But when he proceeds upon the assumption that the English gentleman is more akin to the old Roman than to his ancestor of the same name—who may have sat for the same place which he represents in the House of Commons, and helped to pass the laws by some of which he is still governed—we own that our predominant feeling is astonishment at the daring of the argument.

We are now dealing with those who have a partial love for Gothic—who admire the external grandeur of restored Alnwick. We ask them, Is it possible that an art so full of grandeur and picturesqueness as that which produced this castle, can fail to have its internal expression of grace, capable of development, if not already developed? It is *a priori* impossible that it should not be so. When we examine a little further into the elements existing, in abundant profusion, for constructing a mediæval domestic *ameublement* of even the most artificial luxury, we find our *a priori* assumption more than confirmed. What combines to make artistic richness? Carved work in marble, stone, and wood, mosaic, gilding, mural painting, textile fabrics of costly stuffs and diversified patterns, ceramic ware of various hues, chased silver, wrought iron and molten brass, stained glass, crystal work, enamel, and jewellery. All, and every one of these appliances of æsthetic magnificence found a luxuriant expression in the middle ages; and of that expression, in every case, the existing remains are numberless. Very many of them, no doubt, were made for the Church, and not for the mansion; but, if there be truth in art, the general principle can, *mutatis mutandis*, be transferred from one special destination to another. It can also be at least as easily coaxed up to the needs of our artificial life, as the style which began at an epoch when the greatest men had (as has been wittily said) neither a shirt to their backs nor a pane of glass to their windows. We may use, as Mr. Scott very felicitously did in a letter to the *Builder*, the *argumentum ad ædificum*. When we see how much more beautiful, as a whole,

and with all the shortcomings of a very late and efflorescent style, are the fittings of the Palace of Westminster than the earlier efforts at Windsor, &c., what may we not predicate of the next great attempt, with our enlarged experience, to give decorative expression, on a magnificent scale, to mediæval forms?

We were sorry to observe that, in the spirited debate which took place at the Institute of British Architects, Mr. Digby Wyatt, while giving Mr. Scott well-deserved praise for the largeness and progressiveness of his views, used phrases which might be taken—though we cannot conceive that the accomplished speaker intended that meaning—to establish a distinction between Mr. Scott and other prominent members of the mediæval school in those respects. So far as we understand the principles of that school—apart from the comparative beauty of the style they advocate—we do not consider that they are at all deficient in the practical desire to march with their times. On the contrary, we believe they are thoroughly convinced that they will find the surest foundation for the new progressive style of new progressive England in what was, in its day, a progressive style for England—then, as now, progressive, though at a slower rate. They may, or they may not, be mistaken as to the abstract purity and beauty of the forms which they admire, but they are not necessarily more narrow or more pedantic than the men whose education is to measure the Parthenon, and copy the details of Palladio. At all events, when they use the designation of mediævalists, it is only as a distinctive appellation, which no more implies the desire, on their part, to throw away the great advantages of modern progress, than the opposing name of classicists presupposes any hankering after the social and political condition of Imperial Rome.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

At the last Meeting of this Society, an interesting communication was read from Professor William Thomson, F.R.S., *On Practical Methods for rapid signalling by the Electric Telegraph*. Professor Thomson has long been engaged in investigations connected with this subject, and more particularly with the Submarine Atlantic Telegraph, with which he is connected, having been recently appointed a Director of the Company organized to carry this extensive scheme into operation. The object of his communication was to lay before the Society a telegraphic system to which the author has been led by a series of experiments, and which is likely to give the same rapidity of utterance by a submarine one-wire cable, of ordinary lateral dimensions, between Ireland and Newfoundland, as is attained on short air or submarine lines by systems in actual use.

Every system of working the electric telegraph must comprehend—1. A plan of operating at one extremity; 2. A plan of observing at the other; and, 3. A code of letter signals. These three parts of the system are explained in order—1. For long submarine lines; and, 2. For air, or short submarine lines. The author's plan for operating in the case of long submarine lines consists in applying a regulated galvanic battery, to give, during a limited time, a definite variation of electric force, determined by theory so as to fulfil the condition of producing an electric effect at the other extremity, which, after first becoming sensible, rises very rapidly to a maximum, and then sinks as rapidly till it becomes again, and continues, insensible. The principle followed is that pointed out by Fourier, by which we see that, when the wire is left with both ends uninsulated after any electrical operations whatever have been performed upon it, the distribution of electric force through it will very speedily be reduced to a harmonic law, with an amplitude falling in equal proportions during equal intervals of time. Unless the electric operations fulfil a certain condition, this ulterior distribution is according to the simple harmonic law—viz., proportional to the sine of the distance from either extremity, the whole length being reckoned as 180°. The condition which Professor Thomson proposes to fulfil is, that the co-efficient of the simple harmonic train in the expression for the electrical force shall vanish. Then, according to Fourier, the distribution will very much more quickly wear into one following a double harmonic law—that is, the sine of the distance from one extremity, the entire length being reckoned as 360°. In this state of electrification, the two halves of the wire on each side of its middle point, being symmetrically and oppositely electrified, will discharge into one another as well as into the earth at their remote extremities. Each will be like a single wire of half the length with the simple harmonic distribution, and the wire will, on the whole, be discharged as fast as a wire of the whole length after an ordinary electrification.

The time and law of operations being once fixed upon, a mechanical contrivance of the simplest kind will afford the means of directing a regulated galvanic battery to give signals with exactness, and to any relative degree of position or negative strength. The instrument proposed to be employed is Helmholtz's galvanometer, with or without modification. The time of vibration of the suspended magnet, and the efficiency of the copper damper, will be so arranged that, during the electric pulse, the suspended magnet will turn from its position of equilibrium. The possibility of fulfilling these conditions is obvious from the form of the curve, which has been found to represent the electric pulse. The observer will watch through a telescope the image of a scale reflected from the polished side of the magnet, or from a small mirror carried by the magnet, and he will note the letter or

number which each maximum deflection brings into the middle of his field of view.

From Weber's experiments on the electric conductivity of copper, and from measurements made by Professor Thomson, on specimens of the cable now in process of manufacture for the Atlantic Telegraph, he thinks it highly probable that, with an alphabet of twenty letters, one letter could be delivered every two seconds between Newfoundland and Ireland, which would give, without any condensed code, six words per minute; and he considers that, to perform this, no higher battery than from 150 to 200 small cells of Daniell's (perhaps even considerably less) would be required.

The most obvious way of completing a telegraphic system on the plans described is to have the twenty-six letters of the alphabet written on the scale of which the image in the suspended mirror is observed, and to arrange thirteen positive and thirteen negative strengths of electric operation, which will give deflections positive or negative, bringing one or other of these letters on the reflected scale into the centre of the field of view. But it would be bad economy to give the simple signals to rare letters, and to require double or triple signals for double or triple combinations of frequent occurrence. Besides, by the plans which the author has formed, he believes that it will be easy to make much more than thirteen different positive, and thirteen different negative strengths of electric operation, giving unmistakeably different degrees of deflection; and if so, many of the most frequent double and triple combinations, as well as all the twenty-six letters of the alphabet singly, might be made by simple signals. But it is also possible that in practice only three or four, or some number less than thirteen, of unmistakeably different deflections, could be produced in the galvanometer at one end by electric operations performed at the other extremity. If so, the whole twenty-six letters could not each have a simple signal, and double signals would have to be chosen for the less frequent letters. Experience must show what number of perfectly distinct simple signals can be made, and there is little doubt that it will be much more than twenty-six. Then it will be easy to invent a letter-code which will use these signals with the best economy for the language in which the message is to be delivered. Towards this object Professor Thomson has commenced collecting statistics showing the relative frequency with which the different simple letters occur in the English language, and he will soon have sufficient data to guide him in choosing the best code for a given number of simple signals. By adopting a triple harmonic law—that is to say, causing the electrical potential, or force, to vary along the wire in proportion to the sine of the distance from either end—one-third of the length of the wire being taken as 180° —Professor Thomson conceives that through submarine telegraphs 500 miles long, and air lines of greater length, it would be possible to greatly increase the rapidity of communication. He also states that a rate of from fifty to sixty words per minute could be attained by well-arranged mechanism through almost any length of air line, were it not for the defects of insulation to which such lines are exposed. If the imperfection of the insulation remained constant, or only varied slowly from day to day with the humidity of the atmosphere, Professor Thomson's method might probably, with suitable adjustments, be made successful; and he thinks it possible that it may be found to answer for air lines of hundreds of miles in length. But, in a short air line, the strengths of the currents received at one extremity from graduated operations performed at the other, might suddenly, in the middle of a message, become so much changed as to throw all the indications into confusion, in consequence of a shower of rain or the trickling of water along a spider's web.

At the conclusion of the paper, it was announced that the President had appointed the following gentlemen Vice-Presidents for the ensuing year:—General Sabine, the Dean of Ely, Dr. Miller, Sir James Ross, Mr. Grove, and Admiral Smyth.

THE GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY AND DR. LIVINGSTON.

A SPECIAL meeting of the Royal Geographical Society was held last Monday for the purpose of receiving Dr. Livingston, the English missionary, who has spent the greater part of the last seventeen years among the inhabitants of the vast and unknown tracts of Central Africa which lie far to the North of the Cape of Good Hope, and about the twentieth parallel of East longitude. It was undoubtedly a curious and interesting spectacle to see such a number of men, eminent in science, literature, and geographical enterprise, assembled to welcome one to whom the sound of his native language has so long been strange that it is with evident difficulty he expresses himself in his mother tongue. Indeed, we should be disposed to think that Dr. Livingston has long since ceased to *think* in his vernacular tongue—having probably substituted for it the dialect of some distant tribe in Southern or Central Africa. It is difficult to imagine any circumstance more vividly suggestive of the tremendous loneliness and desolation of the life which Dr. Livingston must have led, than the fact that, when he emerged from the barbarism of Central Africa, and was called upon to speak English once more, he found it next to impossible to make himself understood. A very little occasional practice will prevent any man from absolutely forgetting his own language, and Dr.

Livingston's is one which is spoken more or less throughout that vast Empire upon which the sun never sets.

It is impossible not to feel, and it would be ungenerous not to express, a very high admiration for the indomitable courage, enterprise, and self-devotion which alone could have sustained the traveller through all the difficulties, trials, and dangers of such a life. His loneliness must have been indescribably dreary—surrounded as he was, for months and years together, by none but savages whose language he could barely speak, who could neither understand nor appreciate the object of his efforts, and whose most obstinate and deep-seated prejudices it was his daily task to combat and uproot. When we consider that the motive which prompted him to expose himself to all the inevitable hardships and miseries—the bodily suffering and the mental torture—which such a life implies, was one of pure and disinterested benevolence, his character rises into something not far short of actual heroism; and if we add to this, that the man of observation and science appears never to have been wholly lost in the missionary—and that, by his labours, a vast body of useful information with regard to the natural features and productions, the commercial capabilities, and the social condition of a large portion of the African Continent has been amassed—detraction itself must be compelled to avow that the compliment paid to Dr. Livingston by the Geographical Society was well deserved.

Farther than this, however, we cannot go, nor can we say that the evening at the Society's rooms was a very profitable or entertaining one. An excellent exordium from the learned president, Sir Roderick Murchison, gave a promise of interest which the subsequent proceedings did not redeem. A vote of thanks to the Portuguese Government, proposed and seconded in two very commonplace speeches, gave occasion to a dreary address from the Portuguese Ambassador, inaudible to every one not in his immediate neighbourhood; and when some two or three hundred listeners had become wearied in spirit with standing amidst an alternation of stifling heat and chilling draughts—uncheered by an eloquence which they could not appreciate, because they could not hear it—they were called upon to listen, for nearly an hour, to three written communications from Dr. Livingston, dated from various spots with hard names, in the interior of Africa, and describing, in the driest manner imaginable, the country in which he was sojourning. It was really wonderful how a man with such materials for graphic and interesting writing at hand, could have sent home anything so utterly and hopelessly dull as these three letters. Imagine a man describing, for the first time, the scenery of the Thames or the Mole to an audience comprising some of the most distinguished philosophers and travellers of his day, in some such style as the following, and one will have some idea of the reading of Dr. Livingston's letters to the Royal Geographical Society:—"The river Mole, at this part of its course, flows between clay banks. On one side, the country rises to a gentle eminence, crowned by the residence of a neighbouring squire—on the other side, it is flat, and in autumn, wet. I am a bad judge of distances, and have been known to mistake nine hundred yards for four hundred, but I think I am safe in assuming the breadth to be twenty-five or thirty yards. An old tower stands in a field, built by a great priest some generations ago, whose name it still bears. A bridge of painted wood crosses the stream, which is navigable for small boats, but not for barges. It has been commonly supposed to join the Thames at such a point; but, in truth, their confluence is two miles lower, if my observations are not very incorrect, which I have no reason to suppose them to be."

This is a very fair sample of the interest of Dr. Livingston's letters. No doubt they contain much that will be useful to the geographer, and to the writers of gazetteers and commercial dictionaries; but we cannot help thinking that to occupy the time of a meeting like that of last Monday, in listening to such raw, crude, and undigested communications, was a grievous error, and a great injustice to their learned and exemplary author. It was quite right of Dr. Livingston to send these letters to the Geographical Society, as the proper repository for knowledge of that kind, when he himself was still uncertain whether he might ever reach England again; and we can well understand the weariness of body and spirit under which he must often have written—quite enough to account for even more utter dullness than the communications in question exhibited. But surely they should have been referred to a Committee, or put into the hands of some one who would have extracted the pith of the information they contained, and infused into the paper founded upon them some little of that method and life in which they were so singularly deficient. The communications made to the public meetings of such bodies as the Geographical Society should be papers upon which at least some little care and compression have been exercised—not the mere rough draught of a traveller's note-book.

Dr. Livingston's subsequent address to the Society was, it appears to us, nearly as great a mistake. He did not know where to begin, how to go on, or where to stop. His speech was not a concise and carefully prepared *précis* of his travels and labours—and, indeed, how could it be such, considering the few days, if not hours, which had elapsed since his arrival in England? It was a rambling account of a few partial and isolated

facts which he had culled in the course of his wanderings. Some of them were amusing enough in themselves, and many were related with a certain quaint and dry humour which, despite Dr. Livingston's difficulties of language, seemed to show that he is by no means destitute of liveliness of thought or style. But the audience came away with no definite notion of where Dr. Livingston had been, what he had been doing, or, in fact, of anything else connected with his travels, except a few odd customs of a negro tribe "somewhere in the interior," who treat their women with extraordinary deference—a few of the natural productions of those and some other districts—the fact that Englishmen are known by reputation, in some parts where they have never been seen, as "the friends of the black man"—and that Dr. Livingston and his companions might often have been very badly off if they had not shown their tact and gallantry by always making friends with the women, with whom they stood well, and from whom they were sure at once of sympathy and material aid. The little anecdotes of the black "ladies," compelled to carry the husbands they had chastised from the market-place to their own homes—of the warriors so completely under petticoat dominion at home that they dared not enter the huts in the absence of their wives—and of the hostile demonstrations suddenly put an end to by the excellent missionary's announcement that he belonged to the race who were "friends of the black man"—would go off admirably at a May meeting, and throw the audiences who rejoice in Dr. Cumming into convulsions of laughter. Indeed, we only fear that they might prove too much for some of the faithful. But they are not the kind of material which ought to form the staple of the communications to the Royal Geographical Society; and we cannot but think it was a very dubious compliment to Dr. Livingston to force him into a position for which he was not, and could not be, prepared, and in which it was hardly possible for him to do justice to himself. He will, of course, write a book about his travels. We hope that his rough memoranda will be much compressed, retaining as much as possible of their personal and scientific interest; and then, if the story be told with the liveliness and quaint simplicity of which his spoken address bore considerable marks, the result will doubtless be a delightful as well as a most valuable contribution to our geographical literature.

ANDRIA TERENTII, 1856.

NONE are such strong conservatives as boys, or with so good a right; for the prescription to which they cling is the best and brightest part of man. And to meet and share this feeling in its stronghold is a glad occasion—one which makes bright young bubbles break again on the stagnant waters of middle life. Such an occasion is that which draws young and old round the knees of some grand ancient institution. Old in fame, but fresh in youth, Westminster School casts a mountain shadow far down along the horizon of history; and the performance which the new *præsul*—as the prologizing Captain termed the Dean—witnessed this week, for the first time officially, is one of the oldest traditions of those venerable walls. More than two thousand years ago, and more than two thousand miles away, lived a Greek comedian—somewhat later, and somewhat nearer, a Roman freedman, his elegant plagiarist; and the spirit of Menander, embodied anew in Terentius Afer, has wandered to these Western shores, and still lives, not in the still life of print alone, but in the fresh energy of youthful lips—still finds a shrine in the present joys of existence, refreshes careworn men, and inaugurates the holiday of boys. Venerable indeed is the seat which genius has won. The *gymnasium* is younger, to be sure, but only by a few centuries, than the neighbouring *forum* and *curia*, some of whose boldest champions and brightest ornaments have roused with their eloquence the echoes of the walls which nursed their boyhood. This is the peculiarity of Westminster School beyond Eton, Harrow, or, indeed, any of its peers. Its whereabouts is a topography of greatness, and the loftiest associations of England's history cleave inseparably to its walls, and are mapped with it in the same square mile of ground. Every separate member of that venerable group—the Abbey, the Hall, the Senate-house, and the School—lends a more awful shade to the genius of each. Here, two centuries ago, John Dryden first chirped in long and shorts, first culled the bay leaf from amid the birchen twig, and took his earliest *gradus ad Parnassum* on the south side of the same party wall on the north side of which his remains repose in the silent treasure-house of fame. Thither, when his soul had described its circle of fire—to the same rood of earth around which his youth had sported—his mortal frame returned. And for centuries before and since his time, the same seminary has helped to people those solemn chambers of repose, sending forth its youth to bear life's burden of greatness, and finally to lay their bones on the other side of the cloister which, bounding the Abbey and the School, belongs equally to both.

Amidst such suggestions of the past, the occasion of to-day becomes a thing of puny moment. Whether the play were well or ill performed, the Dean and the company well or ill amused—even whether the ladies caught cold, or country clergymen broke their shins and lost their spectacles—are questions of minor significance. It is of no consequence though the public press damn with faint praise, vote the prologue tame, and the epilogue a

bore—the actors stiff, their dresses a limp misfit, their quantities false, and their quality but mediocre. What is a single blighted ear amidst a harvest-home of fame? The school and its many compeers will flourish with *alumni* long after the critic's pen is split up and the fountain of his ink run dry. We, however, write for to-day, and not for future ages, and will venture a few remarks on things which are. The *Andria*, then, is not the fairest field for the classic amateur. It is encumbered, both at beginning and end, with a narrative portion; and where every reading is severe and traditional, we cannot expect the underplay of emotion which greater histrionic individuality might give. It is rather the *speciosa locis morataque recte fabula*, than one of sustained animation and striking situation. The first scene was certainly an exquisite study from the antique—the slaves and their baskets, the master and his confidential man, were as nearly perfect a group as we can hope to see. It would be unkind and unworthy to point out the foibles of these Athenians of the Sixth Form, or to dwell on the drilled points and prescriptive by-play. It is the peculiar happiness of this performance that the past is its sole standard of reference, and the *laudator temporis acti se puero* takes his full swing of depreciation without prejudice. The whole affair is gentlemanly, youthful, and festive, and breathes the atmosphere of coming holidays; and the same glad spirit of ferial mirth which fired the oldest dithyrambic choir, pervades the comedy of the boys, and extends itself to the sexagenarian spectator. There sits, with broad brow relaxed and jovial smile, the Davaus of forty years ago—now an *Œdipus* of the bar, or perhaps a Sphinx of the bench. The country gentlemen and parsons nod to each other, while the Latin rolls about their ears, at some line or phrase the familiar syntax example of boyhood's task. There sits the lady who knows Latin, conscious of her power; and by her side, a painstaking damsel wearily follows the light play of the dialogue in Mr. Bohn's translation—which is something like riding a plough-horse over a fallow against a thorough-bred on the turf. There sit other maids and matrons, now rather weary, but who smiled innocently at first throughout those pathetic portions of the Prologue in which Westminster bewailed her Jervis, her Hussey, and her Buckland—the last instalment of departed greatness. Here a stranger may amuse himself by comparing with these motherly or sisterly faces the features of the periwigged youngsters on the boards, and make out at guess the family groups by the likeness. Nor is it the least interesting feature of the evening to see those groups completed at the end, when the youths descend in their trappings to receive the staid but eager greetings of the fair spectators. The *claqueurs* betray themselves the while by a too frank and cordial zeal; and from the Olympic heights above and behind, peals at every "point" inextinguishable laughter, worthy of the "gods." There are whole shelves of budding Davi and Pamphili put away for future use; and though some of them are as yet far from understanding the points which they applaud, they all perfectly appreciate the fact of impending Christmas holidays. We confess to a perfume of lollipops reaching us as we sat—with a pair of knees in the small of our back, and our knees in the small of another back—wishing only too heartily that we could reduce ourselves to the cubic dimensions of boyhood, and enjoy physically, as well as morally, the Ciceronic *repuerascere*. At a later period of the evening, however, we were regaled by a more tropical fragrance, and were led to imagine that Davaus was solacing the woes of the *pistrinum* with a "weed."

But never, we believe, within modern memory, was an epilogue so dull—finishing off the evening, as it were, in a butt-end loaded with lead, instead of in a point sparkling with polish. Many a "heavy father" have play-goers to encounter, but one in pentameters we never met before. The idea was bad, and the handling worse. The "Toby" scene suggests a drama with which our earliest infancy was familiar, while the sequel seems plagiarized from *Dred*, of the Victoria Theatre. Let the Doctor and the Dean look to it. They may securely defy the purist cry that Terence is immoral, but it will not do to outrage precedent by such a deplorably "moral" epilogue.

MUSIC.

THE past and the present week have been dedicated, as usual, to the performance of Handel's *Messiah* by the various Choral Societies in and about London. The admiration which Englishmen have for this sublime work is looked upon as almost a national peculiarity by foreigners, who take special note of it as they do of our fondness for boxing and roast beef. Handel has never been naturalized in France. Attempts have, indeed, been made to get up the Hallelujah Chorus and some other notable pieces at the Académie, but with no great success. Germany, which boasts of having given birth to Handel, does not altogether neglect his works or his memory, but still he is but coldly worshipped there, in comparison with what he is with us. The reason of this is not difficult to discover. The great composer wrote his Oratorios for English audiences. By long residence in this country he had thoroughly imbibed our nationality, and he adapted English words to music better than any native composer we have ever had. There is an athletic energy in his mode of writing which thoroughly harmonizes with our habits and feelings. The subjects, too, are those with which our education has familiarized us, and which are bound up with

our earliest and most cherished associations. Handel is also, to use a current phrase, the most objective of composers. There is not a trace of anything mystical or obscure in him—he draws with the boldest and clearest outlines. The Frenchman, however, requires something lighter and gayer—the German something more subjective and abstruse. The modern ear, too, on the Continent, has become, since the time of Haydn and Mozart, accustomed to a luxury of instrumentation which is wanting in the works of Handel. Mozart, indeed, thought it not beneath him to add instrumental accompaniments to the *Messiah*, which are now usually played with it, and which are introduced with so much skill and judgment as not to interfere with the grand simplicity of the work, but to heighten its effect. Both Mozart and Beethoven acknowledged Handel as their master, and, with their authority, we need not fear the reproach of being the victims of antiquated prejudice. If the compositions of Mozart, with their elegant gracefulness, may be likened to the Greek temple, the work of Phidias—and Beethoven's, with their huge complexity of design, wondrous beauties of detail, and mysterious suggestions of the Infinite, to the Gothic cathedral—those of Handel may be said to tower like the Egyptian Pyramids, colossal and sublime in their primitive simplicity, the first and the last of their kind.

Of the several performances of the *Messiah*, those of the Sacred Harmonic Society are upon the largest scale, with the full orchestral accompaniments of Mozart. Mr. Hullah, at St. Martin's Hall, adheres to the original text of Handel, the organ being used as the composer himself used it, to fill in parts occasionally left vacant; and this simpler mode of performance sometimes brings out Handel's ideas with greater distinctness. Mr. Hullah's upper-class pupils now execute the choruses in a most efficient manner, and do great credit to the training of their conductor. Still, something remains for time and practice to do—some lights and shades might be added, and the points might in many cases be taken up with greater firmness. The soloists at St. Martin's Hall on Wednesday evening were Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Thomas, Miss Dolby, Mrs. Gilbert, and Miss Banks—the two latter ladies sharing the soprano parts between them. Long custom has given the air, "Thou didst not leave his soul in hell," to a soprano voice, but we decidedly prefer its being sung by a tenor, as designed by Handel. It belongs, in fact, to a series, composed of two recitatives and two airs, which all properly belong to the tenor, and form a connected whole, the unity of which is destroyed by giving the second recitative and air to a different voice. The air, "But who may abide the day of his coming," which used formerly to be sung by the bass, has been recently properly transferred to the contralto, the voice for which it was written—a restoration which we believe Mr. Hullah was the first to make. Ornaments and long-winded cadences have been now almost entirely banished from oratorios, and we have rarely to complain of these excrescences, in the perpetration of which the singer seeks to catch applause by displaying the compass of his voice at the expense of all propriety. A few little stereotyped variations upon the text will creep in, which we would gladly see omitted; but the improvement which has taken place in this respect within our own recollection is indeed vast, the taste of the public having fairly triumphed over the tendencies of the singers.

At the performance of the Sacred Harmonic Society, which took place on Friday week, Mrs. Clare Hepworth, a lady who lately sung at the Gloucester Festival with much applause, was announced to sing the soprano part. In the first recitative which fell to her lot, whether from indisposition or from the overpowering effect of a new and numerous audience, she displayed symptoms of trepidation; and when she stood up to sing the arduous song, "Rejoice greatly," it became manifest that she was no longer mistress of her powers. She gave up the task at once, and was supported from the orchestra. It was necessary to omit the succeeding air, "He shall feed his flock," and the concluding chorus of the first part was immediately proceeded with. Under these circumstances, a substitute was to be found impromptu to sing the important soprano airs in the subsequent parts; and such a substitute appeared in the person of Miss Louisa Vinning, who was introduced to the audience by a member of the Committee, with a plea for indulgence on the ground that she had never before sung publicly the music of the *Messiah*. A very few notes, however, convinced the audience that a more efficient substitute could scarcely have been found, had the Committee had a week, instead of twenty minutes, to search for one. This young lady gave the two airs, "How beautiful are the feet," and "I know that my Redeemer liveth," in a style which not only spoke well for the strength of her nerves, but proved her to have been a diligent and intelligent student of Handel. The success was a triumphant one, and the audience, who usually abstain from all applause at performances of the *Messiah*, and other oratorios of a sacred character, expressed their surprise and satisfaction in a manner strongly marked. Miss Louisa Vinning possesses a clear and moderately powerful voice; and though young, is no unpractised singer. She is, we understand, the daughter of a musician in the West of England, and was presented some years ago to the London public as a juvenile prodigy, under the name of the Infant Sappho. Since then she has been a student at the Royal Academy of Music, and, it appears, has not lost her time. After the *début* of Friday evening, we shall doubtless hear more of her. The charm which lies in the execution of such music as Handel's in its utmost simplicity,

without ornament or addition, was never better illustrated than on this occasion.

An impromptu performance is not open to strict criticism, even if we were inclined to do otherwise than praise; but it may be worth while to allude to the habit of dropping the letter *s*, when inconvenient for vocalization, of which we observed some traces, and which seems to be the result of a mode of training in vogue at present. Nothing can be more injurious to expression than this habit, from which some of our most popular native singers are not exempt. The English language may rejoice in the use of sibilants to an extent inconvenient for intonation, but the difficulty is one to be overcome and not to be avoided, and a clear and intelligible pronunciation far more than compensates for any other deficiency. That it may be overcome with perfect success we have plenty of examples. Who may be to blame for the introduction of this vicious practice we know not, but we presume that it arises from the use of an Italian rather than English basis of vocal training. There is only one expedient that we know of, worse than that of dropping the *s* altogether—it is that of turning it into a *th*, in the true fashion of the lisping exquisite, of which we heard an example at a London concert not long ago.

Miss Dolby and Mr. Sims Reeves are both remarkable for a distinct and pure pronunciation, and their performance of Handel's airs leaves little to desire. Herr Formes does not seem to be able to get rid of the idea that Handel's bass solos should be sung after the manner of the "lion's part"—namely, as if they were nothing but roaring. His treatment of the divisions in "Why do the nations rage," was perfectly grotesque—mere howling, in fact, and set the audience laughing. Mr. Thomas's version of the same parts at St. Martin's Hall was in every respect preferable.

We may advert here, as among the musical signs of the times, to the recent introduction of librettos of the *Messiah*, containing an elaborate analysis of the music, from the able pen of Mr. G. A. Macfarren—but which, by the way, ought to be read before or after, and not whilst the music is being played. We hardly know whether the increasing use of the score amongst the audience during the time of performance is a thing to be rejoiced in or not. It appears to us rather a pedantic way of enjoying music to take it through the eyes as well as the ears. It reminds us of the ladies and gentlemen in the Rhine steam-boats, who lose seeing half of the scenery through which they pass, owing to their intent perusal of "their Murray." By those who prefer seeing the notes in black and white, to merely taking them in by the ear, the vocal score of the *Messiah*, with pianoforte accompaniment, may now be obtained for two shillings.

A series of popular or people's concerts was commenced in the earlier part of the year at St. Martin's Hall, and the first of a new series took place on Monday evening. The programme consisted of exclusively English songs and glees, a flute solo or two, and a pianoforte fantasia. Between the parts, a recitation of Thomas Hood's poem, "The Dream of Eugene Aram," took place. The object of these concerts is to improve the taste of the many, by presenting them with music not too far removed from the standard to which they are at present accustomed, yet of a superior kind to that usually attainable. The audience (at threepence each) manifested their unlimited approbation, by encoring every piece without exception—a demand which was complied with in almost every case, except the long pianoforte fantasia and the recitation of Hood's poem, where compliance was out of the question. Although this excessive enthusiasm made the performance rather tedious, there was something pleasant in witnessing this rude appetite for music—this thorough and hearty enjoyment. The results of these people's concerts we think likely to be highly beneficial.

REVIEWS.

DRAMATIC SCENES.

THE miscellaneous poems which form the new part of this work were written, Mr. Procter informs us, many years ago. If we may trust internal evidence, they are productions which the juster and more exacting judgment of his earlier years excluded from his first publication. Long familiarity is apt to make a man indulgent to his own creations; it blunts his perception of their defects, and fosters a kindly feeling of appreciation for their excellences; and this dangerous facility with which we reconcile ourselves to our own short-comings should make poets careful how they burthen an established reputation with a late issue of verses, "which bear date many years back." It is not every wine of which we care to drink the lees; and it is impossible not to feel that Barry Cornwall has done unwisely in serving round to the public a draught from so near the bottom of his barrel. He has afforded uncontrovertible evidence that, graceful and taking as many of his lyrics are, he is at bottom a poetaster, rather than a poet. His strength lies in decorative fancy, not in insight. There is a want of freshness in all he has written. There is none of that clear, vital atmosphere which surrounds the writings of a man who has really stood face to face with Nature, and who speaks directly from his own experiences and

* *Dramatic Scenes*. With other Poems, now first printed. By Barry Cornwall. Illustrated. London: Chapman and Hall. 1857.

conclusions—that indefinable something, the presence of which makes Shakspeare, Wordsworth, and Burns what they are, and the absence of which makes itself felt in such writers as Ben Jonson, Addison, Gray, and Leigh Hunt—writers as different from one another as can well be, but all having this in common, that they deal largely with second-hand ideas. This is the case with Barry Cornwall, but in a greater degree. He is utterly deficient in the direct insight of a true poet—his ideas are commonplace—he perceives through other minds, and his reading directly tinges his writing.

His poetry owes its beauty to the grace of its forms—to the delicacy and finish of its expression. He has not much to say, but he has a singular elegance in his mode of saying it. He is skilled in the lesser refinements of his art—it is the character of his genius to appreciate them highly—and the whole strength and individual bent of his nature lies in this direction. Hence, while he is artificial in substance, he is simple in form; and many of his lyrics have an airy elegance which goes far to conceal their intrinsic poverty. Even the poems in the present volume are not destitute of the charm which springs from a very rare degree of sensitiveness in the perception, and skill in the application, of what in this case may be called the external adornments of poetry. We quote the best lines we can find:—

AFTER DEATH.

Tread softly by this long, close-curtained room!
Within, reposing on her stateliest bed,
Lies one embowered in the velvet gloom;
A creature,—dead:
Lately how lovely, how beloved, how young!
Around her beauteous mouth, sweet eyes, and golden hair,
(Mak'ing the fair thrice fair,)
A poet's first and tenderest verse was flung.
Now she lies ghastly pale, stone-cold, quite hid
From balmy April and the fragrant air,
Upon the dark, green, silken coverlid;
Her limbs laid out to suit the coffin's shape;
Her palms upon her breast,—
At rest!
What cries escape,—
What sounds come moaning from the chamber near?
Small voices as of children smite the ear
With pity; and grave notes of deeper grief;
And sobs, that bring relief
To hearts which else might break with too much woe,—
With thoughts of long ago,
Loss of all earthly joy, and sweet Love's overthrow!

Expression is of the very essence of true poetry; but it is another thing when the poetry is to be found in the expression alone. Contrast, for instance, the delicate but hollow filagree of the above lines with the body of real feeling which clothes itself in the plain diction of Hood's well-known lines, "We watched her breathing through the night." Even the taste of Mr. Procter—meaning only the faculty which detects and avoids discordances—though it serves him well in externals, is apt to desert him in essentials. His verse is harmonious, though not rich; his language is happy; his fancy gives a charm to all it covers with its light tracery; and, unlike too many of our modern poets, he strives to give completeness and wholeness even to his least trifles. But he betrays every now and then that the refined taste which shows itself in all his poems is superficial. He can quote the serene line from the pastoral "Lycidas," and apply it to the dissolute ranging of a Phryne, to whom he addresses some very indifferent lines:—

Will you then desert him? hate him?
Scorn him, as you me disdain?
Yes: he'll leave the world behind him,
Burthened with his pain:
And you then will sail triumphant,
To "fresh fields and pastures new,"
Leaving in your wake a murmur
Of what Hell can do,
When the Serpent stings the woman.

He can take the passionate simile in which the devout yearnings of many thousand minds have found one of their least inadequate expressions, and use it as a brick to build up a love song:—

As the hart panteth for the water brooks;
As the dove mourneth in the lone pine-tree;
So, left unsunned by thy care-charming looks,
I pant, I mourn for thee!

It is not very easy to make Law coincide with absolute Justice—to lay down rules of action and a method of execution which shall be at once general and certain, and comply with the moral requisitions of each particular case. He must be a very crude thinker who applies the following Printing-house-square sort of denunciation to the solution of this great problem:—

TO A MYTH.

Judge of words without a meaning;
Arbiter 'tween black and white;
Fusing all the shades of difference
Into day or into night.
Cunning, cheating, grim magician;
Plunderer both of age and youth;
Slave of forms and senseless customs
Laugher at the light of truth.
Has my life, then, all been wasted,
Threading thy bewildering ways?
Have I lost the hopeful morning?
Spoiled the evening of my days?

Down, thou Shape of hair and ermine!
Quit thy high disgraced place.
Down, and meet thy nobler brother,
Simple Justice, face to face.

See, with what a brightening aspect,
He divides the right from wrong;
Mark, how swift his sentence follows;
Mark, how all content the throng.

But *Thou*—swollen and paltry figure,
Blown with vanity, stuffed with straw,
Pander now, and now a Tyrant,
Darest thou call thyself—"The Law?"

Where is all the heaped confusion,
Whereat shrinking Truth repines?
Wordy nonsense? leagues of charges,
With their sixes turned to nines?

Where the ruinous, rascal pleadings,
Drenched with spite, and lies, and ire?
Tawdrling trash, delays, devices?
—Quick, let's heap the funeral pyre!

Quick! Send here the fusty parchments,
Smeared and spoiled a million ways—
All the senseless, worthless rubbish.
Now then,—set them all ablaze!

Something even more disagreeable than crude ideas gives the tone to such poems as the lines "To a Foreign Actress," "An Interior," and others, which, in a cheerful jingling measure, give a voice to depravity or folly; and the hard and shallow philosophy which peeps out in some pieces contrasts curiously with the dulcet benevolence of others. As an example how little the author sometimes thinks of the ideas he is conveying, we may refer the reader to his verses on "Hearing." He tells us that "curious is the sense of hearing;" and to this faculty he refers the power of "bringing down the orb'd angels' singing from the upper airs." He asks, reasonably enough, "What, unheard, were Love's own music?" and his answer, that it would be "senseless, cold," commands universal acquiescence. Under the same condition of being inaudible, he tells us that the "sweet confession might remain untold." Presently, however, he turns to a new set of queries, and demands an assent as difficult as in the former case it is easy. When he asks what, in the absence of hearing, would be "the cannon's thunderous stories," we reply that our conquests would not be made less effective by the invention of a noiseless artillery, while the fame of even past triumphs depends little on the noise of the guns; and as to our "Australasian glories, with their tales of gold," we find it difficult to estimate the exact effect of the loss of this sense on the condition of our colonial gold-diggers. This poem concludes by asking what man, "in his divinest hours," has wrought to compare with "Hearing!" "Sight!" and tells us they are the gift of God. These, and such as these, are platitudes which one would not scan too severely in the earlier effusions of a school-girl; but they deserve contempt when they appear in the ripest publication of an established poet.

The dramatic sketches which form the first part of the volume are, like the verses at the end, old productions of the author—but not, like them, new to the public, though they appear in a somewhat modified form. They are superior to the detached verses on which we have been commenting. They abound with choice passages, which, to a casual attention, seem full of beauty. A certain beauty of their own, indeed, they undoubtedly possess; but any attempt to become familiar with them—to do justice to them by a nearer survey—ends in disappointment. The beauty they have is confined to the surface. The more you study a great poet's work, the more it reveals; it is an inexhaustible spring—a fountain as unfathomable as that of the Nile. But these sparkling waters of Barry Cornwall's cover little but shallow beds of sand. It is characteristic of a man that he should write "dramatic scenes" and not dramas—that he should devote himself to giving a poetic form to detached selections of inviting sentiment or incident, and never compose an entire play. No real poet plays thus with the tit-bits of a subject. No man whose natural genius led him to the drama could bear to confine himself within limits which preclude the adequate delineation of character, or the complete development of action. This hasty snatching at the prominent points of a subject—this disregard of the essential subordinate parts—is the unfailing mark of a second-rate imagination, of one which can be content to grasp the fragments of things, and whose conceptions never take that forcible hold on the mind which compels the artist to accept with patience, and even with joy, the labour of their complete development. Apart from these considerations, Mr. Procter has little of the nature of a dramatic poet. He can imagine a tragic scene, and hold it with considerable vividness before him, but it is obvious that he is occupied, not with passion itself, but with its beauty and picturesqueness. Grief, and deadly jealousy, and remorse, come "mended from his tongue." The poet stands apart, and makes the most of them. Destitute of sympathy himself, he is powerless to excite it in others. You don't feel, as you read, how deeply the speaker is moved, but how beautifully Mr. Procter is expressing his feelings. Every dramatist, we suppose, is in danger from the seductions of beauty—loves to find a voice for his own ideas in the utterance of those whom he delineates. Shakspeare himself cannot always resist the temptation, and lets himself be beguiled away into a string of sweet fancies, placed in mouths in which not even the raised poetic conditions of the whole play can

make them seem appropriate. But Mr. Procter's scenes are nothing but a continuous subservience of character and passion to the elements of beauty and strangeness which they can be made the means of elucidating. Yet his love of beauty—the one thing which makes him a poet—is not unrequited. A single passage will illustrate at once how little care he has for dramatic truth, and how gracefully he can muster and array the lighter forces of poetic inspiration. This is the language in which a wicked and scheming Duke of Sforza makes love to a woman whom he has murdered his nephew to win:—

Then thou shalt be drawn,
Like her who, in old inimitable tales,
Was pictured gathering flowers in Sicily,
And raised to Pluto's throne: methinks she was
A beautiful prophecy of thee; and there
Mountains shall rise, and grassy valleys lie
Asleep i' the sun, and blue Sicilian streams
Shall wander, and green woods, (just touched with light,)
Shall yield their foreheads to some western wind
And bend to bright Apollo as he comes
Smiling from out the east. What more? Why you
Shall kneel and pluck the flowers, and look aside
Hearkening for me; and—I will be there, (a god,)
Rushing towards thee, my sweet Proserpina.

Perhaps we have tried the book by too high a standard. Its externals seem to indicate that it aspires rather to be looked at and handled than read. It is in the highest style of modern drawing-room-table decorative art. The paper resembles ivory in gloss and texture; much gold is put on the cover; and the illustrations are numerous. They have the average merits to which these things attain. The landscapes of Birket Foster, though somewhat blurred, perhaps, by the conditions under which they are printed, are capable of giving pleasure; but the figure drawings—those almost universal banes to enjoyment in reading-books—are as annoying as usual. Some of the artists think a play must be illustrated by postures and faces we see on the stage, and not elsewhere—that if Frederigo has a sufficiently large face, there is no necessity to append a head to it. Mediæval costume, and distinct herbage in the foreground, is another leading idea, and we have Mr. Procter and a young schoolfellow adequately represented wearing long stockings drawn over their boots, and, as their external garments, a cross between a modern shirt and the *toga pretextata*, with a lady's neck-ribbon in front. In all these respects the book is a production worthy of the highest commendations universally showered on the *Boudoir* and *Forget-me-not* class of works.

FRENCH LITERATURE IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.*

IF M. Houssaye's *Gallery of Portraits* has any value at all, it consists in this—that the reader carries away with him a strong impression, not only of the marked contrasts which prevailed in the eighteenth century itself, but also of the leading characteristics by which the literature of that century is distinguished from that of the seventeenth and of the nineteenth. It is the fashion with French critics to speak of M. Houssaye in a contemptuous and censorious tone, on account of the somewhat jaunty air with which he handles subjects which are ordinarily treated with a certain pompous gravity. The criticism is curious, as originating in a country where levity is the most marketable of commodities; but we venture to submit that it has no foundation in fact. Beneath the sprightly—not to say flippant—style of M. Houssaye's works, there lurks, we suspect, a far truer comprehension of the part which the eighteenth century played in the history of French literature than his accusers concede to him, or possess themselves. Readers of the *Talisman* will remember how the light scimitar and agile arm of Saladin accomplished tasks to which the ponderous blade and muscular frame of Richard proved unequal. In like manner, our author, by dashing touches of a master-hand, succeeds in producing effects and conveying ideas which more elaborate pictures by men of inferior power fail to impart. In large and systematic views of the eighteenth century, as a whole, this *Gallery of Portraits* is confessedly deficient, but these may readily be found in such works as those of Villemain and Barante; while the anecdotes and *bon-mots* which M. Houssaye intersperses with much sagacious and genial criticism, give the volumes before us a life, freshness, and reality which we sometimes desiderate in the more staid and solemn writers we have named. This will, we think, appear from a rapid survey of the work before us.

And here we may observe, *in limine*, that M. Houssaye's very omissions are instructive, and suggest reflections of no small importance. The stately tramp of that literature which adorned the vices and enhanced the glories of the Grand Siècle, awoke an echo in "the corridors of time" which did not die out with the era that gave it birth. It may be said, indeed, of every country whose literature naturally portions itself off into great and distinct epochs, that the line of thought which had been followed out by its great writers in one century is *produced*, as it were, into that immediately succeeding. But in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries of French literature this fact presents itself with unusual prominence. Of a considerable number of writers whose lives extended into the middle, and whose works did not see the light till after the commencement, of the eighteenth century, it

may be said that in reality, though not chronologically, they are exponents of the order of thought, feeling, and style peculiar to the Augustan age of French literature. And thus it comes to pass that, in the first three or four decades of the last century, we meet, as it were, with a double current of literary ideas and expression, which it is most essential to distinguish if we would really understand that epoch in French literature. This separation M. Houssaye has effected by the tacit exclusion of authors whom a less discriminating observer would have felt compelled to admit into his gallery by the mere cogency of chronological dates. Just as the seventeenth century, in the person of La Fontaine, contained a living witness to the *esprit gaulois* which had animated the sixteenth—and, in St. Evremont, exhibited a precursor to the tone of thought which was to mark the productions of a later age—so did the eighteenth century, in such writers as Rollin and D'Aguesseau, Vertot and Lesage, J. B. Rousseau and Destouches, present, as it were, a posthumous edition of its predecessor—a faint and feeble prolongation of the peculiar characteristics which we meet with in the literature of Louis Quatorze. Now of all the writers we have named, and of others who belong to the same category, M. Houssaye does not admit so much as one—a circumstance which does credit to his discrimination, and shows that he is not the loose and inaccurate thinker which certain of his critics would have us believe.

The first author to whom M. Houssaye introduces us is Charles Dufresny, by birth a great-grandson of Henri IV. (thanks to the frailty of the *belle jardinière d'Anet*), by profession a *valet-de-chambre* to Louis Quatorze, and by necessity a dramatist. M. Houssaye aptly styles him *la préface enjouée du dix-huitième siècle*; and assuredly his recklessness in the chase after luxury and pleasure savours of the age of Madame de Pompadour and the Regency. His crowned patron and cousin, Louis Quatorze, was wont to declare that he had not money enough to keep Dufresny going. When a beggar thought to back up his importunities by reminding Dufresny that poverty was not a vice, "*C'est bien pis*" was the cynical reply which the appeal extorted. When his landress dunned him for a small amount, on the plea that she was going to be married, and that money was scarce, Dufresny, then in the lowest penury, discharged the debt by himself marrying the creditor. "It is not every one who is lucky enough to marry his landress," was the retort which this circumstance drew down upon him from a certain Abbé Pellégrin, whose tarnished linen had been the object of Dufresny's raillery. As an author, he is chiefly remarkable for having furnished not only the idea, but the ideas, of Montesquieu's *Lettres Persanes*, and of Regnard's *Joueur*. It was only fitting that a man who had done nothing all his life but luxuriate on other people's money, should be eclipsed by plagiarists after his death.

The chapter on Fontenelle staggered us at first, so severe and merciless is the exposure it contains of his literary shortcomings and moral obliquities. In fact, the author himself, in a kind of postscript, craves indulgence at the hands of his readers, on the ground of this essay being a juvenile performance, deficient in sobriety of tone. On reflection, however, we think it would be no easy task to refute the charges which M. Houssaye has brought against Fontenelle, both as a writer and a man. In all his literary performances there is a taint of coquettish mannerism—an effort at *bel esprit* which becomes exceedingly wearisome:—

Et fugit ad salices et se cupit ante videri.

An author who is perpetually asking his readers to play at hide and seek with his ideas is doubly offensive when you discover, after a vast deal of seeking, that the whole affair is a sham, and that, in the thicket of idle words, not an idea is to be found. Nor is this all. When we pass on from Fontenelle's own writings to the censures passed upon him by the most competent judges—when we find La Bruyère describing Fontenelle, in the person of Cydias, as "un composé de pédant et de précieux . . . en qui on n'aperçoit rien de grand que l'opinion qu'il a de lui-même"—when we hear Voltaire styling him "le plus amusant joueur de passe-passe que j'ai jamais connu"—when we read the verdict of M. de Barante, "Il n'eut ni verve ni imagination comme poète, et point d'invention comme savant"—we become reconciled to the still harsher language of M. Houssaye, and feel that we could well have dispensed with his apologies. It is true that Fontenelle's *Eloges des Académiciens* have received the highest praise from no less an authority than M. Flourens. But it should be remembered that here the facts of scientific discovery or biography which Fontenelle had to record gave him something substantial on which to work the embroidery of his *conceits*. All was not drapery, as in his purely literary works, where he had nothing but his imagination to build upon.

The portrait of Prévost, feeble in interest and inferior in execution, is succeeded by a masterly sketch of Piron, the author of *La Métromanie*, which, in spite of what M. Houssaye may say to the contrary, is the greatest dramatic *chef-d'œuvre* of the eighteenth century, worthy to be named in the same breath with the *Misanthrope*, and infinitely superior to the *Comédiens* of Casimir Delavigne, which turns upon the same idea. One of the greatest defects in the literary men of France in the eighteenth century was their contemptible aping of the *grand seigneur*. In nothing is this more glaring than in the manner in which so many of them dropped the names which their fathers had borne before

* *Arabe Houssaye. Galerie de Portraits du Dix-huitième Siècle. 2 vols. Paris. Hachette.*

them, for others which had a less plebeian twang. Who, for example, would recognise in MM. Bouvier, Carlet, Pinot, Carton, Claris, Pierres, Jollyot, Néricault, Caron, such literary stars as Fontenelle, Marivaux, Duclos, Daucourt, Florian, Bernis, Crébillon, Destouches, and Beaumarchais? From this species of puppyism, which had not the same justification in the cases above enumerated as in those of Poquelin and Arouet, Piron was singularly free. "Il est une des figures originales du dix-huitième siècle, il ne s'est pas grisé pour ressembler à celui-ci ou à celui-là: il est né Alexis Piron, il est mort Alexis Piron." He had all the naturalness and spontaneity of a true poet, and, notwithstanding his blindness, all the rollicking mirth of a genial wit. Grimm was wont to style him a *machine à épigrammes*; and certainly some of his hits were excessively cutting. Voltaire read his *Semiramis* at a party where Piron was present. The play contained, here and there, some verses pillaged from Racine and Corneille. Voltaire was irritated at seeing Piron make a low obeisance whenever these verses came to be recited. "Don't mind me," said Piron, "it's only a way I have of saluting an old acquaintance." In his declining years he was admitted into the religious world, and became a guest at the archiepiscopal palace. But even here his passion for epigram did not abandon him. "Un jour, en présence de beaucoup de monde, l'archevêque lui dit avec un certain laisser-aller un peu vain; 'eh bien, Piron, avez-vous lu mon mandement?' 'Non, Monseigneur, et vous?'" was Piron's significant reply.

The portrait of Voltaire, which is itself almost a portrait of the eighteenth century, deserves a somewhat closer study. M. Houssaye protests at the outset against the extreme views which have prevailed in opposite camps respecting the literary chief of the eighteenth century. Both, he says, are equally erroneous. Voltaire is neither the *digne frère* of La Fontaine and Racine, nor the precursor of Marat and Babœuf. Equally just is the observation that the germ of Voltaire's ideas lay in all the more thoughtful minds of his contemporaries; and singularly neat is the reflection that follows:—"Le plus souvent le génie n'est qu'un écho bien disposé." Men ordinarily picture him to themselves as the patriarch of Ferney, bending beneath the snows of more than eighty winters. M. Houssaye is at pains to fill up a notable lacuna by giving us his portrait in the springtime of life. As he contemplates his youth, lit up with the sunny sallies of a mind ever on the wing, he longs for some shade where the dazzled gaze may find repose. "J'aime l'esprit, mais j'aime mieux la rêverie et la naïveté; c'est à dire, *l'esprit du cœur*." In these few words our author has hit off the weak side of Voltaire's mind. In vivacity, brilliancy, and versatility, Voltaire's writings have not their equal in any literature, living or dead; but what are these qualities when compared with the warm and generous glow which comes from the heart, and in which Voltaire is grievously deficient? "Toutes les grandes pensées viennent du cœur," said Vauvenargues. Voltaire's *pensées* were ever cradled in the brain. It must have been this that Montesquieu had in his mind when he declared—"Voltaire n'est pas beau; il n'est que joli." There are not wanting reflections in this essay equally suggestive with the one we have just quoted. For example, M. Houssaye says, with regard to Voltaire's position as a philosopher—"C'est le génie de la contradiction." His life was one perpetual warfare. The persecutions of his enemies, the noisy plaudits of his friends, and the irritability of his own temper, never gave him time to grow cool; and in the heat of argument he snatched up now this weapon and now that—little dreaming, perhaps, to what extremes his premises would be pushed by more cold-blooded disciples. It is this which justifies M. Houssaye in adding—"Le plus grand ennemi de Voltaire a été son école qui s'est lourdement trompée." We are no apologists for Voltaire, and we cannot forget the offensive cynicism with which his writings are tainted; but it is unjust to take no account of the peculiar influences by which he was surrounded, and the polemical atmosphere he perpetually inhaled, nor is it fair to identify him with those who called themselves *Voltaireiens*. As he himself wrote to D'Alembert—"Le temps fera distinguer ce que nous avons pensé d'avec ce que nous avons dit?" Before taking leave of Voltaire, let us extract one or two of the *bons mots* which enliven M. Houssaye's pages. J. B. Rousseau read to Voltaire his *Ode à la Postérité*. "Mon ami," said Voltaire, "voilà une lettre qui n'arrivera pas à son adresse." Never was Marivaux hit off so well as in the following neat criticism:—"C'est un homme qui connaît tous les sentiers qui aboutissent au cœur humain, mais qui n'en sait pas la grande route."

Were it only for the purpose of illustrating the marked contrasts which prevail, as we have said, in the eighteenth century, we must not pass over the portrait of Florian, which stands next to that of Voltaire. Florian was both natural and naïf—qualities which must not be confounded. Voltaire was neither. "En lisant Florian, je crois manger de la soupe au lait," said Marie-Antoinette. It is no milk for babes that flowed from Voltaire's pen. But, not to pursue this contrast further, let us simply quote a remark of M. Houssaye's which conveys a very good idea of what a French writer has styled *Florianisme*—"On lit Florian à quinze ans. On se promet toujours d'y revenir; mais, heureusement pour lui, on n'y revient pas."

We must now pass hastily over the remainder of this volume,

though we regret to be forced to leave unnoticed such a charming portrait as that of Rivarol, "le plus beau parleur du dix-huitième siècle," who said of his brother, "Il serait l'homme d'esprit d'une autre famille, c'est le sot de la nôtre"—a remark more true than flattering. He said of Mirabeau—"Il est capable de tout pour de l'argent, même d'une bonne action;" and of Buffon's son, "c'est le plus mauvais chapitre de l'histoire naturelle de son père"—characteristic sallies of that second Chamfort, whose pamphlets were enthusiastically compared by Burke to the *Annals* of Tacitus. Of the portrait of Diderot our readers have had a glimpse on a previous occasion. The second volume, to which we can give but a very cursory notice, opens with an essay on Marivaux, whose excesses in *bel esprit* were carried to such an extent that they have given rise to the word *Marivaudage*, as indicating that over-subtle analysis of the human heart which Voltaire wittily characterized as weighing flies' eggs in cobweb scales. Great and salient, however, must have been Marivaux' originality, even in his defects, to have thus given his name a place in the vocabulary of his language. And assuredly no one who has seen his play of the *Faussez Confidences*, clad with all the grace which that matchless actress, Madame Arnould du Plessy, throws into the part of Araminte—or read the tale of *Marianne*, will hesitate to endorse M. Houssaye's words—"Dans le gazouillement de Marivaux, le cœur a des accents qui viennent vous prouver que la nature est encore là." Our author's remarks on his perfect unconsciousness of his want of naturalness, and on the petulance with which he resented a like deficiency in others, confirm us in the belief that, with some temperaments, affectation is, as it were, a second nature. In connexion with a story we lately quoted from these volumes respecting Diderot, we may mention a *bon mot* of Marivaux's. "On lui demandait, qu'est-ce que l'âme? Il faudra demander à Fontenelle, répondit-il, mais se reprenant aussitôt, il a trop d'esprit pour en savoir là-dessus plus que moi."

The portrait of Marivaux is only separated by a hasty sketch of the Marquis de St. Aulaire from that of Crébillon le *Tragique*, who had about him a dash of Æschylean grandeur which will ensure his *Atrée* and other plays from oblivion in the history of the French drama. M. Houssaye gives us a most touching and interesting account of Crébillon's struggles with poverty, and fills up the background of his portrait with the figures of the old *procureur* who encouraged the young dramatist's first efforts, and of the wife who so sweetly shared his sorrows and his joys. He is, perhaps, scarcely critical enough in his judgment of Crébillon's tragedies. St. Augustine gives us two souls—the soul proper and the body's soul. M. Houssaye ought to have impressed more strongly upon his readers that it is only to the emotions of the latter that Crébillon appeals. This was to mistake the means for the end. Mere sensuous impressions are æsthetically and morally worthless, unless they are used as stepping stones to higher and better things. This is a truth which Crébillon seems to have forgotten. We must not allow it to pass unnoticed that, in the portrait of Houdard de la Motte, M. Houssaye repeats an anecdote which he had already given us in that of Voltaire; while, in the portrait of Buffon, we recognise nearly half a page (ii. 92) which we had already read in vol. i. p. 213. This is a piece of slovenliness which will, we trust, in a subsequent edition, be rectified. This portrait of Buffon, by the way, which should be read with Flourens' famous *Etude*, is one of the most highly finished in the volume. It also contains sketches of D'Alembert and Collé, Chénier and Chamfort, Watteau, Grétry, and Pompadour, which are well worthy of study. The author's numerous productions may be deemed too volatile to gain him admission even into the *Quarante et unième Fauteuil* of the Academy; but he may console himself by the reflection that posterity will feel no hesitation in assigning him a conspicuous place in a *Galerie de Portraits du Dix-neuvième Siècle*.

BIBLICAL RESEARCHES IN PALESTINE.*

THE name of Dr. Edward Robinson, of New York, is held in the highest honour by all students of sacred geography. The appearance of his *Biblical Researches* began a new epoch in the history of that important subject. The volume before us is a supplement to the former ones, and must be judged of as an integral part of a large work. It records, however, the experiences of a second journey, made after an interval of fourteen years, and undertaken chiefly with a view of supplying omissions and explaining difficulties which had forced themselves upon the attention of the author whilst he wrote. Dr. Robinson brings to bear upon his subject vast knowledge, a clear intellect, and a genuine zeal for truth. It may be said of him, as it has been said of *Domesday Book*, that he omits *nec lucum, nec lacum, nec locum*. On the other hand, he wants almost wholly those powers of imagination which enable the author of *Sinai and Palestine* to fix the scenes which he describes in the mind of his reader. We say this, not with the view of suggesting a comparison between two works which are totally dissimilar in character and scope, but to warn readers whose interest in the Holy Land may have been increased by Mr. Stanley's fascinating book, not to jump to the conclusion

* *Later Biblical Researches in Palestine and the Adjacent Regions. Drawn up from the original Diaries, with historical illustrations. By Edward Robinson, D.D., LL.D. London: Murray.*

that they will find similar charms in this—in its own way—most excellent production. Mr. Stanley is a painter—Dr. Robinson is a plan-maker. Mr. Stanley gives us a work which, while its descriptions are minutely correct, reads like a geographical poem—Dr. Robinson, with greater knowledge, and more exclusively devoted to his favourite pursuit, gives us a written map.

Dr. Robinson left New York on the 20th of December, 1854, and proceeded by way of London to Berlin, the Mecca of geographers. Here he visited Humboldt, Lepsius, and the author of the *Erkunde*; and then, with the good wishes of these distinguished men, went on his way rejoicing. He landed at Beyrout on the 2nd of March, 1855, while the high peaks of Lebanon were still white with the snows of winter. He found the commerce of the place considerably increased since his last visit, and there were every where marks of prosperity and industry. The Government had even taken the trouble to sow the Aleppo pine upon the drifting sand-hills near the city—a precaution that savours of the elder and better days of Mahomedanism. Amongst other healthy signs, Dr. Robinson notices the establishment of a native Society of Arts and Sciences, holding meetings twice a month, and possessing a library by no means to be despised. The speaking seemed to him far from bad—"I have heard," he says, "much worse before the Literary Societies of London and New York." From Beyrout Dr. Robinson and his companions started for Jerusalem, proceeding first through Galilee to Akko. They used as their handbook Ritter's great work on Palestine; and their expenses amounted to about a pound a day for each person, all things included. They carried no weapons, and never for a moment regretted not having done so. During this first part of their journey, they saw scarcely anything which can in any way interest those who do not make the geography of Palestine a special study. Few general readers, we presume, would care to know the precise situation of such places in Ramah of Naphtali or Ramah of Asher. The notice of Akko—the Acre of common parlance, and the Acre of the book of Joshua—will be read with more pleasure, particularly that part of it which refers to the age of the Crusades. The origin of the name St. Jean d'Acre is not universally known. When, in 1229, Acre became the chief seat of the kingdom of Jerusalem, the great orders of knights followed the court thither. The knights of St. John thenceforward took the style of knights of St. John of Akko. The city has now recovered from the effects of its memorable catastrophe in 1840. The population is, however, small, not more than 5000—Moslems, Druses, Christians, and Jews. From Akko, Dr. Robinson advanced, through Galilee and Samaria, to Jerusalem, visiting on the way, amongst other places, Jaffa, which he identifies with the far-famed fortress Jotapata, which Josephus defended and has minutely described. The name, perhaps, owes its present form to the mispronunciation of the Greeks, who, "in the travesty of foreign names, were the French of antiquity." Another point in the route of the travellers was Dothan, which still retains its ancient name. Mr. Van de Velde and Dr. Robinson seem to have lighted upon it independently and almost at the same time—Mr. Van de Velde having slightly the advantage. Dr. Robinson spent a night at Yalo, which he supposes to be Ajlalon. No modern traveller, he says, had, to his knowledge, visited this spot before him.

The following remarks are curious, and do not read quite so like a road-book as most parts of this volume:—

We thus reached the Holy City on the twenty-fourth day after our departure from Beyrout; a slow rate of travel certainly, but we had explored with some minuteness the middle portions of Galilee, and parts of Samaria which as yet were little known. We were greatly struck with the richness and productivity of the splendid plains, especially of Lower Galilee, including that of Esdraelon. In these respects, that region surpasses all the rest of Palestine. In the division of the country among the Tribes, Judah was the largest, and took the largest territory. But broad tracts of its land were rocky and sterile, and others desert; while even its great plain along the coast was, and is, less fertile than those further north. Zebulun and Issachar, apparently the smallest tribes, had the cream of Palestine; while Asher and Naphtali, further north, possessed the rich uplands and wooded hills of Galilee, still rich and abundant in tillage and pasturage.

Fourteen years had passed over Jerusalem since Dr. Robinson, on his former journey, had examined its remains. There had been great changes. Palestine was once more under the direct rule of the Sultan, and a strong European influence had begun to work. So vigorously was the process of pulling down and rebuilding going on, that the scene recalled to the author's mind the go-a-head proceedings of New York. More houses were undergoing a complete transformation at Jerusalem than he had observed, the year before, in six of the principal cities of Holland. But all this had only modified, not changed, the character of the place. It was still the Oriental city, with its closeness, filth, and moral stagnation. The exertions of the Anglo-Prussian party in Jerusalem are of course disagreeable to the old communions which have long had possession of the soil. The monks of the Greek monastery near the Holy Sepulchre complained sadly to Dr. Robinson of the invasion of their dominions:—

They said that now whole villages, unless they could have their own way, were prone to threaten that they would leave the Greek Church and turn Protestants. When reminded that the Greeks had long had the like difficulty with the Latins, they said the Latins gave them much less trouble; they were a small fiddle and made little noise; but now a big bass drum had come.

Dr. Robinson is the apostle of the critical and historical, as opposed to the legendary, view of the sites of Sacred History.

His fifth section is devoted to an examination of those points which have been most controverted since his first two volumes appeared. He discusses, at great length, such matters as the position of the hill Akra, of the ravine Tyropoeon, and of the gate Gennath. A very ample historical notice of the fortress Antonia is rather more generally interesting, and the discussion about the site of the Holy Sepulchre will, of course, be read by every one who looks into this work at all. Dr. Robinson's second visit has not shaken his previous judgment. He still holds fast the position, "that all ecclesiastical tradition respecting the ancient places in and around Jerusalem, and throughout Palestine, is of no value, except so far as it is supported by circumstances known from the Scriptures or other contemporary testimony." We dare say our satisfaction at this result will be shared by most of our readers. It is something to be able to feel that, wherever the precise sites of the great events of early Christianity may be, they are certainly not at those places which we cannot help associating with the rascality of guides, the fanaticism of Greek or Latin devotees, and the stupid vulgarity of half-informed, and sometimes hypocritical travellers. The determination of the *Topography of Sacred History* may be cheerfully given up, as a hopeless enterprise, now that its *Geography* is becoming, in all its broad outlines, as clear as that of Surrey. In the beautiful words which close Mr. Stanley's book:—

The churches of the Holy Sepulchre or of the Holy House may be closed against us, but we have still the Mount of Olives and the Sea of Galilee, the sky, the flowers, the trees, the fields, which suggested the Parables; the holy hills which cannot be removed, but stand fast for ever.

Dr. Robinson made two excursions from Jerusalem. The second and more important of them was to the vicinity of Hebron. Near Urfa, the *Exum* of Scripture, he met with one of those unhappy instances of fanaticism which the teaching of a certain class of religionists is doing so much to foster. Eight Americans, men and women—Seventh-day Baptists from Philadelphia—had come out as missionaries to introduce agriculture amongst the floating Jewish population of Palestine. The idea of effecting such a transformation, within any reasonable time, is about as absurd as it would be to induce a prosperous Israelite in England to transfer his counting-house to the hills of Dan; and these poor creatures had not even taken the precaution to learn the language or the customs of the country. Of course they were soon helpless, and had to modify their great design by becoming the servants of a charitable market-gardener.

Dr. Robinson's whole stay in and near Jerusalem occupied only twelve days. Three of these were given up to the examinations which we have mentioned, and on two others he did not prosecute his researches. So only seven remained for work. These were filled up after the true American fashion:—

Colum non moriturus constant qui trans mare eurasiæ.

From Jerusalem the travellers went to Beisan, the Beth-shan of the Old Testament—a city which lay within the borders of Issachar, but belonged to Manasseh—the Scythopolis of later days. On their way they visited Tabas, the Thebez of Scripture, where Abimelech was killed by a woman. At a place called Ed-Deir, the convent, Dr. Robinson thinks he has discovered the site of Jabbesh-Gilead. The Arabic name Ed-Deir tells nothing, for the natives give it seems, this name to every ruin about the history of which they are ignorant. From Beisan the party proceeded to Hasbeiya, examining the western shores of the Lake of Gennesareth, as they passed. Dr. Robinson still retains his opinion as to the site of Capernaum, in opposition to Ritter and other authorities, and he defends his views at great length. Near Hasbeiya is the parent valley of the Druse religion, and one of the fountains of the Jordan, which appears now to be used as a pond for the supply of a mill-race. "In this way," says Dr. Robinson, "all the beauty of the spot is destroyed. So much for our utilitarian days. Arethusa, however, has suffered even more cruelly. From Hasbeiya an excursion was made to Danias, the ancient Pameas, and the still more ancient Balaad under Mount Hermon, the northern limit of the conquests of Joshua. Here, for once, the Greek form of the name has been the more abiding one; and Pan has kept at least a nominal sovereignty over the spot, which he wrested from the elder gods. Here too, was Casarea Philippi, later called Neronias.

From Hasbeiya the route lay to Damascus. On the way several of the temples were visited which once girded Hermon. At Damascus Mr. Porter officiated as guide. Dr. Robinson's account is, on the whole, more lively than that of that useful but most dreary writer. The following fact is curiously illustrative of the importance of cities in regions where they are—as Damascus is, and as Babylon and Nineveh were—fortified islands in a sea full of the "gossamers of the desert." In popular usage the city is known only as Esh-sham, the general name for Syria, signifying the left or north. So Cairo is universally known only as Musr, the general name of Egypt.

The whole of Section XII. is occupied by the description of Baalbec, and the journey thither from Damascus. From Baalbec Dr. Robinson struck across to the Castle of El-Husa, famous in crusading story. Here, at the northern end of Lebanon, was the "entering-in of Hamath," but what precise place is meant by these words—whether the pass under El-Husa, or the great depression between Lebanon and the Nusairieh mountains, which affords a passage from the coast to the plain of the Orontes—seems not, by any means certain. From El-Husa

Dr. Robinson went by way of the Cedars to Beyrout. The following is his account of those famous trees:—

The cedars, which still bear their ancient name, stand mostly upon four small contiguous rocky knolls, within a compass of less than forty rods in diameter. They form a thick forest, without underbush. The older trees have each several trunks, and thus spread themselves widely around; but most of the others are cone-like in form, and do not throw out their boughs laterally to any great extent. Some few trees stand alone on the outskirts of the grove; and one especially, on the south, is large and beautiful. With this exception, none of the trees came up to my ideal of the graceful beauty of the Cedar of Lebanon, such as I had formerly seen it in the Jardin des Plantes. Some of the older trees are already much broken; and will soon be wholly destroyed. The fashion is now coming into vogue to have articles made of this wood for sale to travellers; and it is also burned as fuel by the few people that here pass the summer. These causes of destruction, though gradual in their operation, are nevertheless sure. Add to this the circumstance that travellers, in former years (to say nothing of the present time), have been shameless enough to cause large spots to be hewn smooth on the trunks of some of the noblest trees, in order to inscribe their names. The two earliest which I saw were Frenchmen.

From Beyrout Dr. Robinson started for Europe, and was soon reposing from his fatigues in the green bosom of the Austrian Alps. By the 27th of October, 1852, he was once more in New York, and was preparing to address himself to the composition of a "systematic work on the physical and historical geography of the Holy Land."

TRANSACTIONS OF THE PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY.*

ETIMOLOGY has always been a popular science. In other branches of knowledge, a preliminary training is required. Facts have to be collected, a terminology has to be learned, experiments have to be made; and it is only after a certain apprenticeship that men are admitted to all the secrets of the art. In etymology, on the contrary, everybody has at least a small capital of his own to start with. He knows his own language, and he knows probably two or three languages besides. He soon perceives coincidences between the form and meaning of certain words in Greek, Latin, and English; and if he can give some plausible reasons why *God* should be derived from *good*, or *Devil* from *th'evil*, or *evil* from *Eve*, he is an etymologist, and will probably go on speculating in his leisure hours, till at last he approaches without fear the great problems of the origin of language and the early migrations of the human race. However, a man who can pick up a pebble is not yet a geologist, nor is etymology any longer a science for amateurs. We have now before us two new volumes of the *Transactions of the Philological Society*; and the mere titles of the contributions which they contain would frighten many an elderly gentleman, and make him tremble for his own "pets" in etymology, if they have to undergo the severe ordeal which is here imposed upon every word which claims a respectable relationship or a legitimate descent. Here we find articles "On certain Instances of Syncope," "On the Vocalization or Evanesence of the Nasal Liquid," and "On Metathesis;" and there is a host of *termini technici*—such as *Guna* and *Vridhi*, and *Umlaut* and *Ablaut*, and *Anusvara*, and *Visarga*, and *Grimm's Laws*, which show that the happy days of popular etymology are fast passing away.

The real difference between popular and scientific etymology is this—that the former is concerned with things that may, the latter with things that must be. The former is led by similarity of sound and meaning—the latter by laws regulating the interchange of letters. It is the chief object of comparative philology to discover and establish such laws, and to account for their apparent violations; and no etymology is considered of any value before it has been brought under general rules, and accounted for in every particular. If is of no value in geometry to know that the square on the hypotenuse is equal to the square on the other two sides of a triangle. This was probably known long before Pythagoras; but his name became immortalized because he was the first to prove it. Nor is it of any value to know that *cousin* is derived from the same source as *sister*, or that *tear* in English is the same word as *asru*, a tear, in Sanskrit, unless we are able to prove by well-established laws in what manner *cousin* and *sister*, *tear* and *asru* can be respectively traced back to one and the same etymon.

And here we must confess that, even in the *Transactions* before us, the true method of scientific etymology has not always been strictly observed. There is still too much of empirical guesswork. There are too many things that may be—things probable, but not proven. It is difficult no doubt to suppress an etymology because it cannot as yet be altogether established; nor is it necessary to massacre all the innocents. But care should be taken to point out what is merely conjectural, and what is absolutely certain—there ought to be a marked line between these two classes of derivations. We shall not attempt to enter here into any critical discussions, nor can we undertake to supply better explanations in every instance where we decline to accept those which have been proposed by the distinguished members of the Philological Society. All we feel bound to do is to point out, at least in one instance, what it is that we object to in the name of philological science. We select for this purpose the first article in the second volume—"On the Latin verb *Mittere*, its Origin and Affinities; and generally on verbs signifying 'to go' in the Indo-European family." It is a contribution from one of

the most learned and most celebrated members of the Philological Society—Professor T. Hewitt Key; and as we must differ from him on many points, it is but fair to say that there are quite as many on which we agree with him, and that this, as well as the other articles which he has contributed, occupies a very honourable place in the *Transactions of the Philological Society*.

Professor Key asserts that in the Latin *mitto*, the base is *MIT*; and he explains the addition of a second *t* by a reference to verbs such as *fullo*, *vello*, *pello*, *tollo*, *verro*, Greek *σφάλλω*, *σκόλλω*, &c. In all these, the root, he says, ends in *l*; and there is a suffix added, *t*, or *el*, "well known in, perhaps, all the members of the Indo-European family, as having the sense of 'little';" and the addition of it may well add the idea expressed by the Latin *paulatim*, and so fitly denote continued action." The suffix *t* is then said to be liable to be changed into *t*. Now, first of all, in *fullo*, *vello*, &c., the second *t* is not a suffix, but the final *t* has been reduplicated, because the original conjugational suffix, *y*, was lost. (See Ahrens, *De Dialectis Æolicis*, p. 60, Bopp, *Comparative Grammar*, § 501.)

Secondly, supposing there had been such a suffix as *t*, it would never have been changed into *t*. An original *d* may become *l*; but no *l* ever becomes *d* or *t*.

Professor Key then proceeds to identify his root *MIT* with *MIT*, according to what he calls the familiar change of *b* to *m*, or *m* to *b*. This familiar change, however, is not elucidated any further; nor is it shown that there are any other parallel roots in Latin beginning both with *m* and *b*. His next step is to connect the *bittere* of Plautus with the Greek *Bar*, and this with *Ba* in *Bairu*, where the French *mener* is quoted as an analogous formation. But here again we must decline to follow the learned Professor, until he can prove that short *a* in Greek is ever represented by long *i* in Latin. And as to the French *mener*, we must first be informed of its original shape in Latin before we can use it for comparative purposes. (See Diez, *Lexicon Etymologicum*, s. v. *mina*.)

Even supposing, therefore, that *mitto* and *Bairu* were descended from the same source, we cannot admit that Professor Key has traced their derivation according to the strict principles of comparative philology. Still less can we accept his more comprehensive identifications of Sanskrit, Greek, Latin, Welsh, German, French, Italian, and Neapolitan roots, all having the sense of "to go," or "to let go," but differing so much in their outward appearance that, even if they were originally connected, it would seem hopeless to prove the fact with any degree of scientific accuracy. In languages so near to us in time as French and Italian, Professor Key is carried away to conclusions not only unsupported by, but sometimes contrary to, the rules of comparative philology. How, then, can we trust him in those more distant regions where we have not, and probably never shall have, well-established rules to guide us through the labyrinth of conjectural etymology? Professor Key thinks that *aller* and *andare* are the same; and no doubt they are, though it is a very intricate process by which the Italian *ad* and the French *il* can be traced back to the same origin. But if Professor Key goes on to say that the root of *je vais* and of *nous allons* is the same, he ought to have remembered that he was breaking one of the fundamental laws of Romanic Philology, and that he ought not to do so without showing a good cause for it. Instead of this, he simply asserts that there is a general tendency of the initial digamma in *vais* to disappear. Now there may be such a tendency in Greek or Sanskrit, but it does not exist in French. In French, an initial *v* in words derived from Latin is retained; whereas, in words derived from German, the *v* is changed to *gu*. This rule cannot be upset by one solitary instance which Professor Key quotes—*Andalusia* for *Vandalusia*; particularly as *Andalusia* is a proper name, and, if it proved anything, could only prove the possibility of the loss of an initial *v* in Spanish, but not in French. If, then, we must differ from Professor Key with regard to the phonetic laws governing the growth of the modern languages, we are bound to protest still more strongly against his neglect of any leading principles in his identifications of Sanskrit roots so different in form and character as *gam*, *phañ*, *hā*, and *at*.

It may seem invidious to have singled out this one essay; but we only wished to show the dangers which beset the comparative philologist as soon as he slackens those reins which the great masters of the science have placed in his hands. There is much useful information, and a great deal of ingenious reasoning to be found in Professor Key's contributions, and we might have pointed out the same neglect of the fundamental principles of comparative philology—and that even in a more exaggerated form—in other articles contained in these two volumes. But, with all these reserves, we are bound to say that, on the whole, these two volumes of *Transactions* do great credit to the Philological Society, and may be read with interest and advantage by many classes of readers. Classical scholars will examine with interest the articles by Professor Malden "On Greek Lyrical Metres," and "On the Uncontracted Form of the Genitive Case Singular of Greek Nouns of the Second Declension"—the latter of which likewise throws light on the Greek metre, particularly in Homer. They will find some novel and brilliant views in Dr. Donaldson's essay "On the Etymology of the Latin particle, *Modo*." Sanskrit scholars will see some difficult points of Sanskrit declension elucidated in Professor Goldstücker's contribution "On *jecur*, *ṣṇap*, and Sanskrit, *yarrit*." For the more general ethnologist

* *Transactions of the Philological Society*, 1854 and 1855. Published for the Society by George Bell, 185, Fleet-street, London.

much useful material has been collected by Dr. Latham, Dr. Bleek, Mr. Ridley, Mr. Watts, and the late Mr. Mansfield. Some of the higher problems of comparative philology have been treated with great skill by the Rev. John Davis, in his articles "On the Semitic Languages and their relations with the Indo-European class." The most valuable contributions, however, seem to us those which treat on English Etymology and Ethnology. Some of them contain new facts, carefully collected—as, for instance, the article "On the Races of Lancashire," by the Rev. John Davis, and a "List of Norfolk Words," by Anna Gurney. Others give evidence of truly scientific research, such as the various contributions of Mr. Hensleigh Wedgwood, and Mr. John Malcolm Ludlow. Mr. Wedgwood's articles, in particular, show that combination of historical reading and philological analysis which is so essential to the success of etymological studies; and we believe that by most readers they will be considered the most valuable and most interesting essays read before the Philological Society in the years 1854 and 1855.

THE LAND-SYSTEM OF POLAND.*

M. MIKROSLAWSKI, a Polish general, has recently published a work on the nationality of Poland. He wrote when the Russian war made the restoration of that country seem to many persons a practical possibility. That hope has now passed away, but one portion of his book is of permanent interest. He traces the history of the land-system of Poland, which gives a clue to the general history of the Polish republic. So important for all history is a knowledge of the changes through which the tenure of land has passed, that we may be almost certain that a writer is worth reading who makes this subject the basis of a political discussion. Nor is it one very remote from ourselves. To Englishmen, the study of the condition and annals of the Eastern States of Europe is not merely a guide to present political action, but it furnishes us with a mirror in which we may see reflected, with more or less of distortion, the features of a social state through which our own country has passed. The Slavonic *communes* sufficiently resemble the Anglo-Saxon—the conditions under which a nobility and a body of serfs grew up in Poland are sufficiently akin to those under which they were formed in early England—to give us that great advantage in the study of remote times which is sure to be drawn from the examination of contemporaneous history when its points of analogy to our own experience are numerous, and close enough to enable us to trust them.

In order to understand the later history of Poland, the author asks us to picture to ourselves the earliest and most rudimentary form of Polish society. Among the Slavonic tribes no individual possessed personal property. A certain number of families occupied a district, and associated themselves into a commune. When the land was exhausted, the whole commune moved forward to occupy a fresh site. The ownership of the land remained in the commune, and the possession of certain allotments was granted to different families in proportion to their numbers; while a considerable part was retained in the hands of the commune, as a provision for public officers and for the helpless poor. The ineradicable distinctions that separate one man from another soon began, however, to tell upon these primitive communes; and the more powerful and eminent members of a family seized on portions of the family lot, and formed them into appropriated estates, surrounding them with hedges and boundary lines, and claiming to transmit them by gift or inheritance. Still, whatever might be the practice, these appropriated estates belonged, in theory, to the commune. The *lechites*, as the possessors were termed, formed a kind of aristocracy; but they owed services to the commune in respect of their usufruct, and they were considered to be subject to the authority and precedence of those who, as heads of families, had a right to share in the management of the commune. It is the chief aim of the author to explain the merits and advantages of this kind of society—a commonality self-contained and self-governed, with public lands as a source of maintenance for religion and the poor, with a body of occupiers of private land having different degrees of social importance and different degrees of security in their estates, but all holding of the corporate body, and liable, at least in theory, to have their possessions reclaimed and merged in the common fund. M. Mikroslawski attributes all the misfortunes of Poland to the disruption of these communes, caused by the intrusion of incongruous Latin ideas into Polish society; and he considers their restoration, even at the present day, in all their pristine simplicity, the indispensable condition of an independent Poland.

In the tenth century, Catholicism and feudalism were added to the elements of the Polish commune. Great as was the change they introduced, the theory of the commune was still maintained. The Church received enormous grants of the unappropriated lands within the communal districts; and the King and his dependents seized on other large portions. But in theory the Church was accountable to the commune, and the courtiers nominally held their possessions as officials of the district. In the fourteenth century, a statute, known as the statute of Vislitz, gave a definite shape to the traditional position of the commune as acted on by Latin influence. From its language we are enabled to gather some notion of the component parts

of Polish society, not unlike that which we derive from Domesday Book with respect to the Anglo-Norman population under William the Conqueror. First in the social hierarchy come the agents of the clergy and of the sovereign, bearing the empty titles of popular office. They secured the cultivation of their vast estates either by prisoners of war—who, by the Slavonic law, recovered their liberty and obtained a right of citizenship in the commune after they had accomplished a prescribed task—or else by the aid of foreign colonists. They also claimed to receive the benefit of the *corvées*, or personal services, which usage declared to be due from the members of the commune for the cultivation of the communal lands. This class of great usufructuaries, for whom there was no name in the vernacular tongue, bore in Latin the title of *militēs famosi*. Secondly, there were the holders of land appropriated in the recognised method of the communal system, the occupants of lands assigned to particular families, and the occupants of distinct, isolated, and, if we may use the term, individualized estates. Theoretically, the two were on an equality; but the greater wealth and social importance of the latter gave them a preponderance which had a remarkable effect on the next era of Polish history. Thirdly, in the wild lands brought by gradual migration under cultivation, a departure from the old communal system seems to have crept in—partly because the leaders of the enterprise imitated for their own benefit the claims of the great Crown usufructuaries in the older communes, and partly because the new colonists were often of German extraction, and recognised none but German laws and customs. In the towns, there were Jews and Armenians who discharged the functions of traders, the Poles themselves having neither capacity nor love for trade. Lastly, there was a labouring as opposed to a proprietary class. It consisted partly of freemen who had quitted their own commune to establish themselves on the possessions of others, on condition of receiving a stipulated recompense, or who remained in their own commune, but were led by preference or necessity to depend on other members of the society—and partly of men who were not free, being either prisoners of war, or domestics attached to the person of their masters, voluntarily or in the discharge of debts. The analysis of the different elements of Polish society furnished by M. Mikroslawski seems to us a very valuable contribution to European history. Those who are familiar with historical inquiry know that such information as he has given us, based on the examination of a great and indisputable national document, belongs to the small number of precious keys which admit us into secrets buried beneath the annals of wars and the records of kingly successions.

During the three centuries which follow the enactment of the Statute of Vislitz, the balance of the communal system was destroyed by the formation of the *lechites*, or holders of individualized estates, into an aristocracy. When half this period had gone by, we find the position of the simple family holders of communal lands so far deteriorated that, while they desire in great numbers to leave their old communes and migrate, their migration is forbidden. The *lechites* form the army; and as cavalry has been substituted almost entirely for infantry, they become an equestrian order. Their military services are held to discharge them from all dues to the commune, while they claim support as defenders of the nation. To all beneath their own order they refuse education, and the power of acquiring seigniorial lands. They usurp the whole political power of the nation, and contrive to reduce the Crown dependents into a harmless body of resident proprietors, possessed of wealth but not of influence; and, on the death of the last of the royal race of the Jagellons, they make the Crown itself the mere gift of their pleasure. But the moment of the highest triumph of the equestrian order was also the moment when its own and the national downfall became certain. It held the supreme power, but it governed by a machinery which made good government impossible; and the *liberum veto*, by which any dissentient member could frustrate the proceedings of a whole Diet, was long the ridicule of political philosophers. The aristocracy was exhausted by unsuccessful wars, and in time pressed more and more heavily on those below it, and gradually reduced the free communal landowners to the condition of serfs. At last the very framework of the old society was abolished by the infeoffment of the Czarina Catharine as feudal mistress of the country. A spurious imitation of Western civilization was, indeed, introduced among the upper ranks of society by the influence of the French philosophers; but it never penetrated beyond the surface, and even those whom it did affect were only rendered more incapable of appreciating the true state of their country by studying doctrines directed against abuses of a very different character from those that were destroying Poland. And thus the great Slavonic republic fell to pieces, and at length became an easy prey to the despotic Powers who were constantly watching to seize on its patient people and fruitful lands.

We will not follow M. Mikroslawski into the history of the three partitions of Poland. It is more to our immediate purpose to see the general results in the condition of Polish land which these partitions have produced. In Prussian Poland, the old communal system has faded, or is rapidly fading, completely and irrevocably, away. The tenure of land has been made entirely German. The first great step towards this end was the conversion of the personal services of the serfs into fixed money payments. The next was the substitution of German for

* *De la Nationalité Polonoise dans l'Equilibre Européen.* Par le Général Louis Mikroslawski. Paris: 1856.

Polish proprietors. This has not been effected by force, but by the gradual pressure which German taxgatherers, German lawyers, and German usurers have exercised on a race of desponding, feeble, and indolent proprietors. In Austrian Poland, a different course has been pursued. There, the dues of the serfs were not converted into a money payment, but were at one blow swept away, without any compensation to the lords. It is not to be wondered at that these lords are fast losing all power of cultivating their land. The tenants, unfit to manage for themselves, and now made directly responsible for imperial taxes, are constantly in embarrassment. But Austrian Germany does not supply a class like that which is furnishing proprietors to Prussian Poland. Nor does the Government approve of Jew usurers getting land into their hands. It has accordingly adopted the system of sending into Galicia a body of Crown officials, who are to act as protectors of the tenants, and who will soon become the virtual lords of immense districts of the country. The great body of the people are reduced to the condition of a *proletariat*, having no claim on any one, and maintaining a precarious existence by hiring out their labour. To contrast the wretchedness of this *proletariat* with the happiness of the peasant in the old commune is one great object of M. Mieroslawski's book; and there can be no doubt that the only gain which the introduction of the system of hired labour brings to the poor is entirely lost when the national industry is not suffered to expand. Gallician manufactures are practically prevented by a law which enacts that all products of Gallician industry must be sent to Vienna to be stamped, before they can be sold in the province. In Russian Poland, the communal system is still in a great measure preserved. The Government finds it cheap and convenient to receive the taxes from a mayor of the commune, and the personal services due from the serf have not been converted into a money payment. It has frequently been proposed that this should be done, but the serfs do not seem themselves to desire it. In a country where money is so scarce, it is very difficult to make a money payment, and the serfs are glad of the protection and certainty of maintenance which the system of personal service ensures.

This history of Polish land gives us some notion of what is meant by the restoration of Poland. M. Mieroslawski says that it is impossible to restore Poland except by the restoration of the communal system in its most perfect form. If he is right, this seems to us equivalent to acknowledging that the restoration of Poland is impossible. He considers that the communes of Russia are only Slavonic communes in a crude and rudimentary state, because they give no scope to individuals to raise themselves, and assume the position of Polish *léchites*. But this very possibility of a communal aristocracy involves the decay of the communes. If all the men of wealth, eminence, and education are interested in grasping all they can get from the commune, who is to resist them? The old story must necessarily be repeated. First will come an aristocracy, and then aristocratic quarrels and struggles, and then ruin. The present work forcibly suggests the conclusion that the only means by which the communal system can be made to cohere into a great State is by a despotism like that of the Russian Czars. M. Mieroslawski's opinion that the same individual superiority which founded the Polish *léchites* will, in time, break up the communal system of Russia, and with it the power of the Czar, is, we believe, perfectly true. But this only shows that, among a people possessed of sufficient energy to inspire individuals with a desire to rise and enrich themselves, the communal system is sure to be transitory. Whether it has lasted a hundred or a thousand years, it must give way at that point of a nation's history when even the humblest begin to long for an open field.

MR. PARAGREEN AND HIS FAMILY.*

THE Preacher has said that "to everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under heaven . . . a time to keep silence, and a time to speak." We fear that Signor Ruffini did not bear this maxim in mind when he determined to relate the adventures of the Paragreen family. The Paris Exhibition has become so thoroughly a thing of the past—everything connected with it is so well known, and has so entirely lost the charm of novelty—that the writer who endeavours, thus late in the day, to revive our recollections of it takes upon himself a thankless office. Nothing is more characteristic of the present generation than its tendency to "forget the things which are behind, and press forward to those which are before;" and therefore Signor Ruffini must not be surprised if the first impulse of the public, on reading the title of his book, should be to put the volume on one side, from the feeling that it almost amounts to an impertinence on the part of an author to expect any one to take an interest in so worn-out a subject. Moreover, we regret to say that those who do not persist in the determination to turn a cold shoulder upon Mr. Paragreen and his family, will scarcely find any pleasure in making acquaintance with characters which, in most respects, are gross caricatures of the class to which they belong.

The personages to whom Signor Ruffini introduces us in his volume are Mr. Paragreen and his wife, their son and heir, Tom,

alias Tobo, and their daughters, Ida, Arabella, and Emma. The head of the family is "a little, active, supple man; and though in reality born with the century, looks as if he had come into the world at least twenty years later. His step is so elastic, you might suppose his legs to be made of cork; his head vibrates from right to left, and left to right, like a mandarin's in a tea-shop. He frequently comes to a dead halt, peeps through a glass pendant from his neck by a black ribbon, surveys people and things with an eye of speculation, and frequently dispenses patronizing smiles. . . . A self-made man—a plain, practical, unpretending chap, with no nonsense about him," as he loved to describe himself. He was accustomed to protest that he had no wish to play the fashionable, and that all he did in that line was only to humour his wife, whose lead, however, it must be confessed, he seemed ready enough to follow. Having made his fortune by a lucky hit in the cork trade, he had retired from business and set up a stylish establishment at Eden Villa, Peckham. And as he was of opinion that there was no reason why his wife should not indulge in all the elegances of fashionable life, Mr. Paragreen had provided her with a double-bodied phaeton, a grey horse, a coachman, and a boy bespattered with buttons, whose chief duties consisted in bringing his mistress her letters and cards on a salver purchased expressly for the purpose, and marching behind her with a bag containing her Bible and Prayer-book when she attended church.

Mr. Paragreen, it appears, had achieved his fifty-fifth year without even having contemplated the possibility of a visit to France; but when his wife informed him that she considered it due to her country, to her sovereign, her maiden name, and herself, that they should all repair to Paris on the occasion of her Majesty's visit, and hinted, moreover, that their neighbour, Mrs. Jones, had already written to secure apartments for herself at the Hotel Bristol, Mr. Paragreen only shrugged his shoulders, and did not argue the point—true to his principle that a man ought to humour his wife. So, having repaired to his banker, and prepared for the journey, he and his family set off on their travels. Into their adventures we shall not enter here. Suffice it to say, that we suspect Signor Ruffini was indebted for the idea of some of the moving accidents which befel them to a certain *jeu d'esprit*, not yet forgotten, though the time is long past since the Fudge family paid their memorable visit to the French capital. For instance, Miss Ida Paragreen falls in love at first sight with a languishing French dandy, and makes acquaintance with him, just in the same way that Miss Biddy Fudge became acquainted with and was victimised by Colonel Calicot—Miss Ida's adorer being discovered to be an ignoble dentist, very much after the same fashion that the fact of the Colonel being a linen draper's assistant is revealed to the horror-stricken Miss Biddy. There are also points of resemblance, with a difference, between the Paragreens and Fudges, which make the likeness between the two families all the more striking. Thus, while Miss Fudge expressly mentions that her *début* in Paris was made in a hideous low bonnet, changed afterwards to one "high up and poking, like things that are put to keep chimneys from smoking," great stress is laid upon the fact of Mrs. Paragreen and her daughters appearing at the Exhibition in broad-brim hats, and religiously adhering to them during the whole of their visit. Again, although Mr. Paragreen's object in going to Paris was a different one from that which impelled Mr. Fudge thither—namely, that of writing a book explanatory of "the new science called the Holy Alliance"—he is represented as never stirring out of doors without his memorandum-book in his hand, in order that, when he sees anything striking, he may "take a note of it." Mr. Paragreen also resembles Mr. Fudge in his low estimate of the French nation, though, at the same time, he is a warm partisan of the French alliance. Indeed, one of the most striking points in his character is the pride he feels in the superiority of the English over their allies. "We must recollect we are in France," he observes, "and not in England, my dears; I said to Jolliffe, when we were speaking on this very subject, my dear sir, says I, they do what they can, you know, and their efforts ought rather to be encouraged than otherwise. It is not fair to exact from an infant learning to walk, what you have a right to expect from a vigorous adult." Another illustration of the same sort of ignorance, and also of the positive mischief which travelling may do to ignorant persons in the way of stereotyping on their minds preconceived false opinions, occurs on the occasion of Mr. Paragreen seeing a set of masons lying on the ground in front of a half-finished house, eating slices of melon:—

Holding out his hand, as if taking aim at the prostrate figures, he remarked, with great feeling, "Is it not sad to think that so large a proportion—I might say with truth the immense majority—of the French nation—understanding by that the artisans and mechanics—are forced to live on pumpkin? I had heard so, but I own that till this instant, when I see the fact with my own eyes, I always thought it a traveller's story. Now this is one of the advantages of visiting foreign countries. Remark how thin these poor men are," continued Mr. Paragreen, taking as cool a survey of the workpeople as if they had been their own stone and bricks. "I have not the least doubt the difference of food has much to do with the greater muscular development and higher spirits of our countrymen, for I believe no one has ever denied that one Englishman is equal to four Frenchmen—a superiority which ought not to make us feel proud, but thankful to that Providence which grants abundance to our land, and ordained us to be the first nation in the world."

The above remarks were made, however, before Mr. Paragreen had visited the Exhibition. When he found his way thither, after many mishaps and adventures, his opinions were considerably modified. So much, indeed, did he find to admire, that he quite forgot to speechify on the comparative merits of the

* *The Paragreens on a Visit to the Paris Universal Exhibition.* By the Author of "Lorenzo Benoni," and "Dr. Antonio," with Illustrations by John Leech. Edinburgh: Constable and Co. 1856.

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